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THE ESSENCE OF THE CONTRACT

SPRING, abnormally early, is spreading northwards in Russia: between Moscow and the Sea of Azov the whole front is reported to be already affected by thaw. These conditions are calculated to give the German armies a temporary respite. After nearly four months of an uninterrupted offensive the Russians have advanced a long way from their original bases; with mud now impeding the system of cross-country transport which they utilised with such astonishing effect during the winter campaign, they must rely more for maintenance of their forward supplies on a railway system which the retreating enemy must have seriously damaged; and troop movements off the roads must become slow and difficult, with the defence enjoying the balance of advantage. This does not mean that operations in Russia are wholly suspended; hard fighting continues on much of the front, and there is still scope this month for locally important moves north of Moscow (as witness the Russians' recapture of Demyansk and Rzhev) or even, if some frost recurs, between Bryansk and Kursk. What it does mean in all probability is that the great offensive in the Ukraine has lost its impetus; for the next month slow Russian progress at best can be reasonably expected. Thus winter ends with the German armies in South Russia heavily defeated and forced to yield all last year's territorial gains, but—despite enormous losses of German and satellite men and material—not yet routed or broken. In fact, on the most crucial sector of that front, between the Dnieper and the Donetz, where a fortnight ago the Russian advance raised hopes that the German forces in the Donbas might be encircled or flung across the Dnieper, the Germans have apparently counter-attacked and regained ground with the aid—so Moscow asserts with emphasis—of powerful reinforcements from the West.

The arrival of these reinforcements, whose strength is put by Moscow at no less than thirty divisions, transferred from France and Germany, is bound to raise in Russian minds the question of the extent to which Anglo-American forces have so far made good the Roosevelt-Churchill pledge that everything possible would be done to take some of the weight off the armies of the U.S.S.R. The Russians, with less than justice to us, think less than we do in terms of naval warfare or "strategic" bombing, and much more in terms of land forces. What, they will ask, has been the effect so far of Anglo-American operations in North Africa? The answer, as they see it, is one which they will hardly regard as satisfactory. General Eisenhower's landing resulted first in the German occupation of Vichy France, but that move seems to have been effected by spreading out more thinly the forces already in France; some more garrison troops have no doubt been brought into France from Germany, but there have been no reports of divisions being recalled from Russia for the purpose. Nor does it seem likely that when the Germans made their next move—the establishment of a bridgehead in Tunisia—it was necessary or possible for them to draw on the Eastern Front for the purpose. Apart from reinforcements which would presumably in any case have been sent to Rommel, there has been no suggestion that the additional force, German and Italian, despatched to oppose General Eisenhower exceeds, say, half-a-dozen divisions. Finally, the Russians will argue, though the Allies have now been in North Africa for four months, the ineffectiveness from Moscow's standpoint of this still somewhat remote "second front" can be judged from the fact that the enemy has felt able to transfer from the West to the East since December well over 250,000 men.

If we reply that we have on our hands an intensified U-boat campaign, that we are putting great and costly efforts into bombing German submarine bases and industrial centres, that the enemy has doubtless been compelled to replace from elsewhere part at least of the divisions moved eastwards from France, and that in one way and another we are containing a high proportion of the *Luftwaffe*, the Russians will still be unconvinced that our contribution is either adequate or, equally important, synchronised to meet their needs. Indeed, if we view the situation dispassionately, we shall find it difficult to deny that in their strategic plans the Western democracies are ignoring one essential factor—Time. In Washington there is still much talk of an eleven million army, without explanation of how to use this colossal force; in any case only a small part of it could be transported or supplied overseas before 1944 or 1945. The question remains whether the democracies can afford to fight a long war while the Soviet Union, rather naturally, wishes to fight a short one.

When the Russians launched their great offensive last November, it was obvious that the cardinal objective for Britain and the U.S.A. should be to prevent the enemy's reinforcing the Eastern Front at the moment when, for climatic reasons or from increasing exhaustion, the Russian attack had reached its peak. That objective we have failed to achieve. Recriminations are now beside the point. But other moments in future time are clearly discernible when it will be of supreme importance that Germany should not be allowed to concentrate a disproportionate share of her strength on the Eastern Front alone. There will be the critical phase in April when the ground in Russia dries. Then a threat to the German rear would be of inestimable value to Russia; otherwise the Germans, for all their losses, may put up a formidable defence or even endeavour to forestall Russian offensive plans by destructive blows on limited sections of the front. There will be the still more critical phase in late summer when operations reach their seasonal point of culmination before the autumn rains. It is imperative that at any rate before the second of those critical moments Germany should be forced to cope with a real two-front war. For they will be moments of crisis in which not the survival of the U.S.S.R. (which is assured), nor merely Anglo-Russian relations (which are crucial), but the whole future of enslaved Europe will be at stake.

Delay in landing on the Continent may be due to technical difficulties, but its results are far-reaching and destructive of our proclaimed purpose of democratic liberation. Ideology blends with technical argument. In North Africa criticism extends to more than delay in dislodging the Germans. Reports suggest that what is actually taking place is the building of a Fascist army supported by newly created coloured legions and destined it might be for a purpose not very different from that accomplished by the Moors for General Franco. The unusual mildness of the past winter, coupled with German ability to exploit to some extent the Ukraine granary, has mitigated for most of the Continent the severity of food shortage. If next winter is a bad one, and if the war extends over the whole Ukraine without, however, reaching a final decision, famine and pestilence are likely to grip Europe from Paris to Warsaw; in the occupied countries millions will starve and the "terror" foreshadowed by Hitler may well be based on the ruthless and cold-blooded policy of eliminating all useless, non-German mouths from the "fortress of Europe." Those whose complacent voices can be heard to-day arguing that ultimate victory is now assured, that bombing can win the war, or even that the maximum Anglo-American effort on land should be withheld until both Germany and Russia have been further weakened—so that our final intervention will be both militarily and politically more effective—are guilty not merely of faulty reasoning; they are arguing that we should assume the responsibility for the deaths of millions whom we could save if we decide at all costs to throw all we have into the battle in time.

The Jamaican Constitution

The Jamaican parties, both conservative and democratic, seem to be agreed to accept the offered constitution. The former are reassured by the retention of executive power in the hands of a Committee of Ten, of whom five will be nominated, and by the Governor's power of veto on legislation; the latter are encouraged by the Legislative assembly of 24, elected by universal adult suffrage. The popular party attach much importance to the review after five years, for they feel that if they guide their policy wisely, it will become apparent that the present divorce between legislative democracy and administrative irresponsibility should be revised. The important thing to be done now is to elect the best available members to the assembly, in order to avoid the sort of position in which the elected members become an impotent opposition; they will, in fact, have to make their influence felt by personal ability, not by effective power. The position of Jamaica is crucial, for it will certainly, for good or ill, be held as a precedent for the other West Indies. The population still lacks, for the most part, the elementary education which we used to consider necessary for political democracy; in plain terms, an unlettered and emotional peasantry are even more susceptible to political crooks and demagogues than the sophisticated. But the vote cannot, in the colonies, wait on universal education: if the want of it renders the British position difficult, it is no more than we deserve for neglecting it for so long. The Dutch in Surinam have excellent education with no colour-bar. One of their best district officials, recently dead, who governed a region where there were few of his countrymen, was Chinese. An extraordinary anomaly remains in Jamaica. If we understand a reply by Mr. Stanley in the House last week, the men who have been interned under 18B for demanding self-government, are still to be kept in jail, although the Government has conceded their demands.

Sir William Comments

Sir William Beveridge, in his article in last week's *Observer*, put his finger right on the spot when he said that the salient feature in the Government's reception of his plan was its rejection of the cardinal principle on which the entire plan was based. "My plan," he wrote, "takes as its aim the abolition of want. The Government, in regard to pensions wholly, and in regard to children's allowances and to unemployment and disability benefit to a lesser extent, abandons that aim." This comment is entirely justified. The Government, in refusing to accept a living scale of pensions, in scaling down the proposed allowances for children, in abandoning the principle of rates of benefit to be fixed in relation to the cost of living, and in insisting that unemployment and disability benefits must be limited in duration, has departed utterly from the essential ideas of the Beveridge Plan. The last of these changes, involving the retention of the means test for those whose lack of work or whose disability is prolonged, and the first, in refusing a scale of pensions upon which the retired or disabled worker can live at a reasonable standard, are calculated to arouse strong public resentment as soon as an appreciation gets home to the public's mind. It is a different, but also a substantial, point that, as Sir William points out, the rejection of his pension plan may well involve not a relief to the Exchequer during the difficult post-war years, but an additional burden. "Adequacy of benefit in amount and in time"—Sir William's fourth "fundamental principle"—must be made the central point of the national campaign which, we hope, will be speedily inaugurated by the friends of the Report.

Rebuilding Britain

The Royal Institute of British Architects has issued an excellent picture-book to accompany its exhibition at the National Gallery. *Rebuilding Britain* is admirably illustrated, but it is a good deal more than a mere book of pictures. It is just the thing to give the criticising citizen a clear notion of what is involved in the replanning of our cities, in the proper development of our countryside from the double standpoint of production and amenity, and in the mobilisation of all sections of the building and constructional industries for the effective carrying out of these tasks. As an appendix, the R.I.B.A. reproduce in summary from the reports of the Reconstruction Committee which has been at work over the past two years. These reports take a wide sweep, but perhaps the most interesting feature of them is the recognition by the architects both of their position as an integral element in a building industry which stands in urgent need of comprehensive reconstruction and of their changing position as designers not so much of individual buildings as of whole cities, villages, and town-and-country combinations needing to be blended harmoniously together into a comprehensive plan Eager recognition is given in the reports to th possibilities opened up by new materials and methods of construction; and the general effect i to make the layman see for himself the immense opportunities that lie ahead of us, if only we have the sense to use them aright. We commend *Rebuilding Britain* most cordially to Mr. W. S Morrison and to Lord Portal, who are now, w hope, engaged rather in making their conjoint plans than in devising a statement of reasons why the country cannot afford to rebuild.

The Commons and the Foreign Office *(By Parliamentary Correspondent)*

Labour M.P.s returning from their constituencies and from the conferences they have bee addressing on the Beveridge Report have bee heartened by the strong support they have found for the line taken by the Party in the recen debate. The leaders of the Party in the Government are in grave danger of losing touch wit the views of the rank and file through lack o adequate means of contact due to preoccupatio with departmental work and the difficulty o speaking at all frequently at Party meetings whe members of a Coalition Government.

There has been some discussion in the lobbie as to whether Eden's reform scheme for th Foreign Office is just eyewash or will really mak the Service both more democratic and mor effective for dealing with modern problems Doubt is expressed as to whether proper attentio will be paid to the need for recruiting personne with knowledge of economic and social question and whether staff will be encouraged to specialis on the problems of particular areas such as Lati America or the Danubian Basin. It is feare that the closed circle which so largely officer the Foreign Office at present will not make room for new blood without a fight. The ultramontan Catholic influence, already so extraordinaril powerful, seems likely to lead this resistance.

POLITICS IN THE PULPIT

THE Archbishop of Canterbury replied once again last Saturday to the old complaint that he was talking politics in the pulpit. The complaint, of course, comes from those who only recognise as politics proposals to change the social order. It never occurs to them that all the sermons, prayers and hymns that accept or extol the existing order are just as much politics to the dispossessed as the Beveridge Report is to the Pearl or the "Pru." How pleasant then to have the two Archbishops ending, we should like to think for once and for all, this hoary fallacy about politics in the pulpit, and stating in the clearest terms that religion, if genuine, is concerned with all the social relations of man in the twentieth century just as much as in the Middle Ages. Dr. Temple remarked that "the chief enemy of freedom to-day was not an intelligent plan, but the irresistible pressure of blind forces"; and the Archbishop of York said right out that the Beveridge Report included a vital Christian principle. To argue, he said, that "social security would destroy initiative and take away an incentive to work" was a contemptible argument of those who had never known what want really was; "it belonged to the class of argument that justified slavery and the overseer's lash. It was morally as wrong to starve a man into work as to compel him into it by the threat of the whip."

It is only during the last two centuries that the Church's right to make political announcements could have needed defence. There are many reasons for the change. In the light of modern knowledge men have increasingly ceased to believe the dogmas of the Christian churches, and they have substituted for them a new religion of terrestial progress depending mainly on th accumulation of material goods. As long people believed that they would actually go to he if they disobeyed the teaching of the Churc it never occurred to them to suggest that religio could be divorced from politics. As long as the believed that the end of statesmanship was Christian relationship between human being matters such as usury, or as we should now sa limitations of the profit system, were obvious proper subjects for the pulpit.

Men would not have so easily rejected the rig of the Church to pronounce upon political issu had it not generally become an ally of propertie interests, and the bulwark of superstition. Spain, for instance, the Church has been th very centre of the blackest reaction, and through out Europe during the last ten years cleric fear of Liberalism (in the Vatican's wide definitio has made it so frequently the ally of Fascism Historically, revolts against clericalism have n meant the rejection of Christian ethics; more ofte they are the angry repudiation of an institutio which endeavours to maintain ignorance an poverty. If the Church to-day shows some signs renaissance that is because many of the younge priests and pastors, occasionally supported b a few of the braver spirits in the upper reache of the Hierarchy, have, like their predecessors the French Revolution, found in their religio the inspiration to resist tyranny and champio liberation and enlightenment.

The British Archbishops have shown remar able courage in their advocacy of social refor in their denunciation of the moral disease anti-Semitism, and in taking the unusual step

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addressing public audiences on the subject of venereal disease. The remarks of the Archbishop of Canterbury on this subject seem, as reported to us, almost as archaic and unmoral as his remarks on social change are enlightened and Christian. Clearly he is right that the spread of venereal disease is in part a moral issue; he would be altogether justified in denouncing sex relations that are not founded on mutual respect and affection. But his remarks seem to have implied that society was not justified in using modern knowledge as a way of checking disease; he is even reported to have said that the problem was moral and not medical. This is a form of obscurantism which does not belong to his general thesis that Christianity has to do with the better social relations of men and women.

How far the Archbishops can go in persuading the world that an increase of wealth is only valuable in so far as it is used to improve the relationships of human beings to each other, and that the hell of class struggle and war are the price that society pays for forgetting the social ends for which wealth should be produced, it is hard at present to say. As long as they stuck to the usual platitudes they made no impact; when they throw their weight behind an actual piece of social legislation like the Beveridge Report, they move into a new and vitalising atmosphere. The Church will not, in our judgment, succeed in reinstating dogmas which no longer seem consistent with twentieth century knowledge; but by stressing the ultimate values, which are recognised at least as much by serious people outside the Church as by those within it, they are allying themselves to great historical forces and their influence in guiding those forces may be considerable.

WORLD PLANS AND POWER PROBLEMS

Since Russian valour turned the tide of war, it has become more than ever perilous to postpone the discussion of our plans for peace. Americans have long been restive under this unnatural repression of the human instinct to look forward. Mr. Sumner Welles must have known that he had a great volume of opinion behind him when on two occasions during the last few days he proposed that the United Nations should now begin the work of joint discussion. From this side, Mr. Herbert Morrison in the notable speech he delivered at the Guildhall last week was no less urgent in his appeal for forethought. He went, indeed, very much farther than the American Under-Secretary of State, in presenting us with a bold and clear-cut plan for the political and economic organisation of the post-war world. Manifestly he was speaking in his own person as a citizen and it would be rash to assume that the War Cabinet is in full agreement with his views or that the American, Russian and Chinese Governments would assent without reserve.

In this discussion two schools of thought have so far had their say. General Smuts argued that we must be content in the future with a World Organisation much less ambitious than the League of Nations, which should be modelled on the British Commonwealth, a political organisation so loose, yet so enduring, that it contrives to act and survive with a minimum of institutions and a barely visible structure. Lord Halifax had said the same thing and I had supposed that Mr. Morrison was himself in this camp, when he held up the Commonwealth as "a model to the world" in an earlier speech in this series. The outline he has now given us sketches a World-Authority very much more ambitious than the old League, alike in the ends it is to serve and the means it is to use. It will have under its command an international police force, which may be of moderate size because there will be no competing national forces to reckon with. In the economic field it is to wield a power so intimate and pervasive that it will be able to "secure an expanding volume of production and trade." To this end it must be able to influence the prices of the basic foods and raw materials, set "international labour standards" and undertake "the international control of investment." If Mr. Morrison means that the World-Association is to be armed for these purposes with legislative powers, he is asking for a surrender of the rights of sovereignty on a great scale. This he clearly did mean when he dealt with the military problem. His World-Association is to do what the League could never do: It is to control and if need be suppress altogether the national armed forces of all its member States, and not merely those of the defeated enemy. But if we are to entrust such vast powers as these to an international authority, it must be representative in the fullest sense of that term, as the League never was. It is probable that Mr. Morrison had a democratic structure in mind when he argued for "a genuinely representative world political association." In short, though he did not use this word, he was proposing to create a World-Federation.

Like most of the rest of us, I read this daring and far-sighted speech with relief and sympathy. But inevitably, and as it seems to me rightly, I then passed in review the very formidable difficulties. No sovereign State, not even a dwarf nationality, surrenders its prerogatives easily, and, as we all know, the reluctance of several of the Greater Powers is notorious. Would a majority of the British governing class, with Mr. Churchill at its head, rush with eagerness to make an offering of the Navy to a World-Association in whose councils we should command only a minority vote? Every member of the American Senate feels that he personally owns one ninety-sixth part of the sovereignty of the United States. How much of that unique possession will he sacrifice? Again, a profound distrust of the Capitalist Powers is so deeply rooted in the mind of the average Soviet citizen, that I cannot conceive his consenting to scrap the Russian air force, in the confident belief that he could trust his safety to an international organ. Even if the spokesmen of these Powers hesitate to say "No" on principle, will they not contrive to drag out the debate and postpone any decision beyond this decade and even beyond this generation, much as the victors postponed their own effective disarmament after the Versailles Treaty? They may agree to set up a small international police arm, but will it be what the French aptly term an "organic" force? To be precise, will its national contingents be mixed, and will they depend on a cosmopolitan authority for orders, promotion and pay? Even if they should create a small force of this kind, will they really, within a few years, disband their own national forces? They will agree, of course, to confer over disarmament as over economic questions, but will it not be on the usual condition of unanimous assent?

If these questionings are not too pessimistic, they point to a grave danger. Because a World-Federation seems difficult and far off, we may in fact be faced with an indefinite prolongation of the dictatorship of the Great Powers. That would mean in practice that the Soviet Union would withdraw into relative isolation within her own vast segment of Eurasia; China would lean on the United States, which would try with many a jolt and crisis to share with the British Empire the control of the rest of the world. This means a restless era of power politics, gilt with a thin veneer of collaboration and poisoned with the dread of yet another war to come. The lesser Powers, influenced now by bribes and again by threats, would oscillate between the orbits of the Greater Powers in an intricate pattern of intrigue. Sooner or later, in the effort to achieve a favourable balance, one or the other of these Leviathans would patronise and rehabilitate for its own ends Italy, Germany or Japan.

Finally, there occur to me some doubts of another kind. The problems that call for international control vary so widely over the many distinct cultural and economic areas of the world, that some of them seem to me to call for the creation of smaller, quasi-Continental units. Land transport and the generation and distribution of electric power are obvious instances. It is clear that some topics should be handled on a world-wide basis, notably sea and air power and the control of raw materials, alike in their strategic and economic uses. Other topics, such as the control of capital investment might lend themselves to a dual control: a world control might lay down the general plan, while Continental Boards would work on the details. Again, would it not be easier to inaugurate representative government on a democratic model within an area which enjoys a common cultural tradition than over the whole wide world? I can conceive a European Parliament or a Latin American Congress without a violent effort of the imagination, but a World Parliament strains my mental muscles. In the European Parliament I assume that the various delegations would not vote as single national units, as they did at Geneva. That system reflected the old myth of national sovereignty. Members might be elected directly by territorial or occupational units; better still, they might be chosen by proportional representation by the popular House of each national Parliament on a rough ratio of populations. It is to be foreseen that the individual members would soon group themselves across frontiers in parties based on class interests or ideology—Socialists, peasants, clericalists, Liberals and what not. Only by appealing, in this way to groups that transcend frontiers, can we hope to outflank nationalism and undermine sovereignty. While it may be hopeful to attempt this within areas that possess a similar social structure and a common culture, would it be as easy to do it across colour bars and contrasted social systems? If we could create a few genuine Federations—Europe, an Indo-Chinese group and Latin America with the existing U.S.A. and the Soviet Union, they might then be linked in a looser World-Confederation. The reader may object that war would still be possible between the various Federations: Communists might indeed smell out a plan to isolate the Soviet Union and destroy it. Could that happen if we had built a genuinely organic international police? That is, as I see the future, the key to any cosmopolitan order worthy of the name.

This commentary, far too brief and far too dogmatic for a subject so vast and so intricate, is not a criticism of Mr. Morrison's able and opportune speech. But it is a reminder that what he proposed is a bold and even revolutionary innovation. It would be fatal if those of us who ardently hope for some such solution of our problems were to relapse into complacent optimism, because a member of the War Cabinet had said what we can applaud. He spoke for himself and assuredly he did not speak for the United Nations. Such a plan will be opposed, postponed or sabotaged from two quarters—the traditionalists who will cling to old rights and class interests, and the Left which fears, not without reason, that Communist Russia would be swamped and threatened within any association dominated by capitalist Great Powers.

From this difficulty I see only one way of escape. It lies in a rally and revival of the Socialist International and a simultaneous attempt to reach an alliance, or better still, a fusion with the Third International. If that could happen, and if an agreement with the peasant parties could next be reached, Europe, when viewed from Soviet windows, would look no longer like an enemy. Add to a friendly Europe, in which allied workers and peasants would be a formidable power, a free India and a peasant China; would the Russians then feel the same reluctance to enter a World-Association armed with the reality of control? This problem cannot be solved by theorising. It is a problem of power. Can we of the Left unite and rally our forces in time to solve it by organisation and action?

H. N. Brailsford.

A LONDON DIARY

"A catchpenny phrase" is scarcely a wise way of describing a policy which our principal ally daily urges. And Lord Simon, who used the phrase in the House of Lords last week when trying to score off Lord Beaverbrook, is a member of a Government which is enthusiastically pledged to a Second Front before long in Europe. Nothing, one feels, could have been more perfectly designed to confirm the suspicions of Moscow, for Stalin cannot be as indifferent to the opinions of a Lord Chancellor as we can. And if Moscow thinks that Lord Simon still counts for something in the nation's councils behind the scenes, Moscow may be right. In any case, Lord Brabazon, who similarly gave away his anti-Soviet view of the war, had to leave the Government for a not much worse offence. A friend who was present at the debate described the scene as scarcely tolerable. Here was Lord Simon, the most disastrous Foreign Secretary Britain ever had, stepping off the woolsack to indulge himself with the most obvious enjoyment in his old game of suavely, and ingeniously picking holes in the defences of his own side. Once again he could smile and smile and undermine the will to action. He did it at Geneva year after year; he did it in the Baldwin and Chamberlain Cabinets; he did it with a skill which has made him the most unpopular person in English politics.

* * *

The Foreign Office reorganisation now taking place involves several important changes which do not find place in the White Paper. That branch of Chatham House (Royal Institute of International Affairs) which has been at Oxford is moving to London. But the removal from one place of work to another is not important. The significant part of the reorganisation is the complete absorption in the Foreign Office both of this research group that has worked in conditions of some independence and of a possibly redundant political intelligence department, some of whose members appear to have been sacked at very short notice indeed. As the scheme involves losing the services of a number of experts who have done excellent work in following and interpreting events abroad during the war, one seeks for some adequate explanation. The full extent of the change of personnel is not yet clear, but I know enough to regret several of them at a moment when relations with the Soviet Union over the most critical issues in Eastern and South-Eastern Europe are peculiarly difficult. The effect of the changes will be, I think, to strengthen the position of the most reactionary forces in the Foreign Office. I do not expect that the matter has been put in that light to Mr. Eden; his desire to co-operate with the U.S.S.R. is not open to question.

* * *

Last week I asked a conundrum: How was it that when the Cabinet are said to have agreed to carry out quite a large part of the Beveridge scheme, Sir Kingsley Wood made it clear that, in fact, he expected nothing to be done about it? Was it "ineptitude"? On the contrary, I am now convinced that it was a plan deliberately contrived by the same Tory organisation that had so successfully dished and split the Labour Party in 1929 and 1931. After all the plan needed no great subtlety. First involve the Labour Ministers in the Cabinet decision on the Beveridge Report, then so present the Government's case that the Labour Party rank and file had no choice but to vote against it. The Labour Ministers still had no choice but to support it. At a later stage finance is still found to be an unscaleable barrier, the Labour Ministers will either have to leave their Party and become members of a permanent National Government, or they will have to leave the Government with the impossible handicap of being implicated in acceptance of the Government's point of view. Just as in 1931, when the Tories could destroy Labour merely by quoting Snowden, so, if there is a fight on Beveridge, they think they need do no more than cite Morrison's brilliant defence of the Government. It may not be too late for Labour Ministers to extricate themselves from this trap by joint pressure that really carries through the substance of the Beveridge Report, but they will have to be quick. The Tories also rely on the fact that Mr. Bevin only half likes the Report and that he is involved in negotiations with them over the Catering Bill, on which, by the way, they began the breach in "National Unity." (If the Labour Party were less honest and more smart, the Conservatives, not they, would have been put in the wrong on this head.) If Morrison cannot soon report an actual decision for action on Beveridge, Labour will be compelled to continue their revolt and the split between the Ministers and the Parliamentary Party will become inevitable and the plan of destruction will be accomplished. The Tory machine is already cock-ahoop at the prospect of finally and for ever dishing Labour.

* * *

I should have expected that Labour Ministers would be pleased about the anti-Government vote on the Beveridge Report. It should have been exactly what they want. I presume they have been fighting their best in the Cabinet for the Report; now their hands are much strengthened if Sir John Anderson or some other Minister says, "We cannot touch the big insurance companies." Attlee, Bevin and Morrison can now say: "but the Labour Party in the House of Commons won't stand that. We shall really have to accept these provisions of the Report in the interests of national unity." Without critical voices and the threat of a split, progressive Ministers in a Tory Government have no chance at all. If they are strongly criticised by the Press and Parliament, they should be able to achieve something very substantial.

* * *

Intelligent and determined Ministers value and encourage critics. I remember one important Ministerial decision which was greatly facilitated by the fact that the Minister could say to the Cabinet: "Look at the disgraceful criticism that I and my department are subjected to because you refuse to support my proposals." Oddly enough, he was not a Labour Minister, and I must admit that he, too, became unenthusiastic about being criticised before he had been in office many months. I recall my shock of surprise when soon after the Coalition was formed in 1940 I received a furious letter from a Minister because I had criticised him for not taking a step which I thought every Socialist would automatically desire to take. Instead of welcoming my criticism as support in his battle, he was irritated and vituperative. If Labour Ministers cease to be attacked by their supporters, it means that their supporters have ceased to hope anything from them.

* * *

Certain City men who see the war mainly as an encroachment upon their comfort have evolved a curious racket to enable them to travel to and from their offices, as they always did, in their own cars. Unable to manage on six gallons a month, they sell their cars to local motor-hire garages (who get thirty gallons per vehicle per month), and then hire them back as hackney carriages, sometimes even with their own erstwhile chauffeurs, under contract for periods not exceeding twelve weeks at a time. The twelve weeks' limit is necessary because the Finance Act, 1920, invokes, for Revenue duty purposes, the old definition of a hackney carriage laid down by the Customs and Inland Revenue Act, 1888—"a carriage let for hire . . . provided that such carriage is not let for a period amounting to three months or more." It is essential to the scheme that these cars should be re-licensed as hackney carriages, because if you hire a car with a "private" licence you may have to satisfy an inquisitive constable that it was impracticable for you to have travelled by bus, tram or train; at present you can go anywhere within a radius of ten miles in a hackney carriage, and no questions asked. Incidentally, a "private" licence costs more. It is all perfectly legal, and to the man who used to run two or three cars it saves both trouble and expense. No harm is done by exposing it, because you can no longer get petrol for newly licensed hackney carriages; for those who haven't heard of the idea before, it is now too late. Another dodge that is equally legal and yet more unscrupulous is that by which a man can hire five or ten hackney carriages from a garage, under contract for a similar period, and use only one of them at a time. He thus gets the use of five or ten times the amount of petrol he could otherwise obtain. This, too, is actually going on.

* * *

Pat upon the report in this journal that Indians listened-in to British encouragement of resistance on the Continent and learnt how to sabotage from Colonel Britton comes an issue of the *Bombay Chronicle*, December 3rd, which contains the following paragraph:

> Yesterday I switched my radio on to the B.B.C. and by a strange coincidence the first sentence I heard was an exposition of civil disobedience. The broadcaster's tone was so enthusiastic about civil disobedience that I almost doubted whether I had struck on the authentic B.B.C. I had—for London was talking about civil disobedience in Italy!

Elsewhere in the *Bombay Chronicle* great emphasis is laid on the British appeal to Italy, which shows that Great Britain "applauds acts of sabotage and other underground activities of a more or less violent character on the part of the patriots in Axis-controlled countries." In India, by way of contrast,

> A mere flag salutation or shouting of a slogan or the possession of an unauthorised bulletin is viewed as a sufficiently serious crime to deserve either a heavy fine or a long term of imprisonment, though these "offensives" may have been committed in the open without the least show of violence.

Awkward, isn't it? How are we to explain to the Indians that it is patriotic to resist Axis occupation, but that British occupation is different?

* * *

Now that Mr. Churchill has recovered and Gandhi has survived his fast, no one will regard it as bad taste for me to report a conversation overheard last week on the bus. Bulletins about the two famous invalids were appearing daily in the press. The conversation was conducted at cross purposes. One man was talking about Gandhi and the other about Churchill. It ended when the man who was talking about Gandhi heard his friend say, "He'll really have to leave off smoking."

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to H. Hindle.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

GIRL GUIDES' THINKING DAY.—Impressive Ceremony at Newport.—*Isle of Wight County Press.*

Tired cynic, would welcome ideas for a spring holiday.—Advt. in *New Statesman.*

A day of prayer for Russia was observed in the Parish Church on Sunday when the Rev. G. D'A Blackman officiated. The national anthem of Russia during the imperial regime was sung.—*Isle of Wight County Press.*

"I can't satisfy my conscience about the right way of keeping Sunday. Every Sunday I go to church in a train. Is that wrong?"—Letter to *Sunday Graphic.*

Mr. H. Clarke, prosecuting, said Bradshaw returned his enrolment notice with the message: "I object to fire-watching as it appears to me to be an attempt to prevent the fulfilment of the Scripture which says that the world will be destroyed by fire."—*Daily Sketch.*

THE REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE

Criticism of the Civil Service in the last few years has come, predominantly, from two very different points of view. On the one hand there are the old irrepressibles, like Lord Perry and Sir Ernest Benn, to whom every official, from the humblest postman, is a "bureaucrat," and to whom any extension of the functions of government a dangerous invasion of personal freedom. They are the half-conscious exponents of important vested interests whose one purpose, if they can, is to create the popular belief that nothing done by the State on behalf of the community can possibly be as well done as if it were left to private enterprise. On the other side are the critics who are disturbed by the failure of the Civil Service, in the inter-war years, to show either the audacity or the imagination proportionate to the problems it confronted. They know that a large increase in the area of State-ctivity is inevitable in the next generation. But they are compelled to doubt whether Civil Service methods, whether they concern appointment or promotion, education after entry or the rganisation of policy, have resulted in the chievement of those standards that are called or by the positive State.

It is at least a sign of progress that the Civil Service itself is aware that large changes will be equired; and discussion of their possible haracter proceeds as eagerly within the Service s without it. We have before us the first ositive proposals for reform, the plans to which Mr. Eden hopes to give effect in the Foreign Service. These are the outcome of a long nquiry presided over by an experienced Ambassador who, since his retirement, has formed importnt business contacts. Though the Foreign Service, of course, presents problems of a nature pecial to itself, it is probably fair to see in Mr. Eden's plans the basis of the wider reorganisation f Whitehall as a whole which will be necessary ith the coming of peace. It is worth while, herefore, to examine the proposals with some pecial care.

It must be said at once that some of the proosals are admirable. The amalgamation of the Diplomatic and Consular Services with the oreign Office itself to form a single organisation as long been urged by everyone acquainted ith the problems of our diplomacy. It is ood, too, to know that, at long last, it is proosed to provide adequate buildings and proper moluments for officers serving abroad; both hese matters have been a scandal in the past, nd, in particular, a British diplomat without rivate means had rarely the income necessary get to know the country to which he was ccredited. The decision, moreover, to provide r the early retirement of men who, "though ey may have been excellent subordinates, are nsuited to fill the highest posts," is not only bout a half-century overdue, but could, with dvantage, be extended to the rest of the Civil ervice. Admirable, too, is the provision which ermits not more than two persons in each year be recruited exceptionally up to the age of irty, and on the recommendation of the Civil ervice Commissioners, by reason of their tellectual record after the completion of their ducation. It is good, further, to see that ccepted candidates will, during their probaonary year, spend six months in the study of cial and economic questions, and that proper rovision will be made to secure an adequate pply of officers with a knowledge of the Far ast and its languages. All these proposals present the acceptance of urgent reforms, and r. Eden is to be congratulated on his decision give them effect.

But there our satisfaction ends. In the maining proposals which deal with recruitment is difficult not to feel that what the Foreign cretary proposes is, in fact, the erection of an aborate façade, behind which much the same pe of officer as now will be recruited into the Service. Candidates will be chosen, we are told, by two methods: 75 per cent. will enter by competitive examination as now (save that the language tests will come after, and not before, entry) and, for a period of ten years, 25 per cent. will be chosen by selection at an interview board, after taking an examination in the English subjects necessary for the first method; they will also be required "to have reached a certain educational standard." Candidates may compete by either or both methods in the same year. If successful they will be given travelling fellowships for eighteen months, during which they will study two languages, history and economics, and, after a further examination and an interview (the object of which is "to assess the candidate's personal suitability for the Foreign Service") they will enter Whitehall as probationers.

Let us be quite frank with Mr. Eden. It is, no doubt, true that there are people who do not show themselves at their best in a written examination. We are still bound to say, in the light of Foreign Office history, that the 25 per cent. who "for an experimental period" are to come in by special selection after interview are only too likely to be the candidates who are recommended "by the best people." And Mr. Eden must be aware of two other things. First, there exists to-day so large a body of post-graduate scholarships that it seems quite unnecessary extravagance to create another set of them for Foreign Office candidates who are successful at the first stage of their trial. And, second, the twofold interview to determine "personal suitability" gives a new emphasis and weight to a technique of choice in which the personal equation of the Selection Board becomes altogether excessive. Few people who know the present working of the interview system by the Civil Service Commission feel happy about it; it pretends to a precision in judgment of personality which becomes the more absurd the more closely it is scrutinised. And if the candidate is to o'erleap two hurdles of this kind, it is difficult not to feel that he will turn out, when chosen, to be that well-known type of British diplomat who, after having been to the right school, and learned how to cultivate sartorial adequacy and a good palate, devotes his major interests to a specialised knowledge of the lesser Impressionists or the complicated mysteries of the aristocratic interrelations of Rome and Madrid. On the methods Mr. Eden recommends, one is left quite certain that men like Sir Neville Henderson will make the grade. But a Foreign Service of Sir Neville Hendersons will not be very useful in the post-war world, even after eighteen months' abroad and a six months' flight through the Social Service Departments.

Mr. Eden ought to recognise two things as particularly disturbing in the Foreign Office and Diplomatic Service. First, it is very rare for anyone with unconventional opinions on matters of politics and economics to find his way into either; and, second, it seems to be a special passport to admission to both (as it is, indeed, even in such outlying branches as Chatham House in Oxford) to be a member of the Roman Catholic Church. After all, since 1939, Foreign Secretaries have had a free hand in appointing temporary officials both in Whitehall and in our embassies and legations abroad. Sir Stafford Cripps is the only person of unconventional opinions who has been in an important post in either; and most of the younger men who have been given temporary posts were, if they had unconventional opinions, almost the direct nominees of Labour Ministers, accepted by the Foreign Office as a personal favour to their patrons. And when it has got an extraordinary man as a temporary official, like Professor R. H. Tawney, at Washington, one suspects that it has not known what use to make of him.

The simple truth about Mr. Eden's proposals is that they may prevent some failures staying too long in the service, and they may make some others aware of what any able man will find out for himself, namely, that diplomacy is closely connected with social and economic questions. But there is nothing in them to suggest that the Foreign Service of the future will draw its officials from a much wider area than in the past; it may give them a better training, and that is all. The safeguards of the existing interests in the scheme are neatly hidden away, but they are there with even reinforced protection. The truth is that the democratisation of the Foreign Service depends upon the democratisation of British society; the one will be achieved in proportion to the other. Mr. Eden's scheme is full of fair words and pious intentions. But there is no hint in any of its thirty-four paragraphs that the time has come to revise the foundations of our social order.

H. J. Laski

JUST ANOTHER GERMAN PROVINCE?

(From a Correspondent.)

What is the position of neutral Switzerland with regard to the war, the Axis and the Allies? Is she really "another German province," as she has been called recently?

Essentially her position is determined by two facts, one geographical and economic, the other spiritual, both of which operate in different directions. On one hand, Swiss democracy's struggle to maintain not only a formal but a real independence has never ceased, and this hard if not very dramatic struggle had to be fought directly against Nazism, Hitler's New Order and all it stands for. On the other hand, Switzerland, encircled by the Axis powers since June, 1940 (with a small frontier strip in the South-West open towards Vichy France until last November —but subject, of course, to Axis control too), depends for her existence to a very large extent on Germany and German-controlled Europe. Being practically devoid of all natural resources, with the one exception of water power, she is unable to go beyond a very narrow limit in transforming her economy, even temporarily, from a structure based wholly upon international exchange of goods and services, to self-sufficiency. The foreign admirer of the Alpine panorama generally does not realise to what extent Switzerland is an industrialised country—yet it is upon the skill of her workers much more than upon the beauty of her scenery, on the comfort of her hotels and the rustic toil of her yodelling mountaineers that she relies economically. No country in the world except Holland—not even Great Britain—has had so high a *per capita* rate of foreign trade as Switzerland. She could not even try to retire into the snail-shell of a rigid wartime autarky to escape the economic stranglehold Germany has got over her.

So it is true that the Swiss work for Hitler. It is equally true that they depend on Germany for getting nearly all the raw materials without which Swiss industry would rapidly come to an almost complete standstill. Looking at economic facts only, and looking at them superficially, one might easily draw the conclusions that Switzerland is, with or without her consent, at the mercy of Hitler.

Two aspects arise, nevertheless, out of a more thorough analysis of the political implications following Switzerland's economic connection with the German New Order. First of all, this connection, if it cannot be denied, is by no means only one-sided. Switzerland may be exposed to German blackmail up to a certain extent, but she has her trump-cards, too, and as long as she is determined to play them, Hitler is bound to negotiate with her instead of being able to simply impose his will. Secondly, it should be borne in mind that coal, petroleum and metal supplies granted to Swiss industry by the Reich are not only used for the manufacturing of goods going back to Germany. German coal helps to produce the concrete needed in huge quantities to transform the Alpine heart of the country into one formidable fortress; petroleum delivered under the now expired Swiss German Trade Agreement has enabled the Swiss army to keep up mobilisation to a considerable extent; and metals imported from Germany and German-controlled Europe are being converted into arms to equip this fortress and this army—arms like the famous Oerlikon infantry cannon, one of the finest anti-tank guns in existence. These arms, it is true, would be directed against any aggressor, according to Swiss neutrality; but, in fact, there is only one possible aggressor Switzerland has to fear: Hitler.

It is here that the spiritual issue comes in. The economic dependence from Germany would indeed have been immensely dangerous for Swiss political independence had it not been for the straightforward attitude of the people towards Nazism. Even if the Swiss Government should ever be weak enough to let commercial and industrial interests influence their policy to a point inconsistent with strict neutrality, it would raise a storm of indignation and create the most intense pressure of public opinion. When in 1940 the then President of the Confederation, Mr. Pilet-Golaz, agreed to receive in audience three leaders of the Swiss Fascist Movement, the public reacted in such a way that a few weeks later the Federal Council had to suppress altogether this Fifth Column organisation, which since then has remained illegal despite all pressure from Germany. And so on every occasion when even a mere suspicion of governmental tendencies towards "appeasement" roused the popular emotion, it immediately led to a political campaign which reminded the Government very clearly of the Swiss people's determination to stand against Nazi threats as well as Nazi bribes.

Yet it would be quite erroneous to believe that the Swiss Federal Council (the government elected by both houses of parliament), timid as it sometimes may have appeared, was ever willing to go on the Vichy or even the Copenhagen path. If, in the dark hours after the collapse of France, there have been in Switzerland as in every country of the continent, signs of discouragement and confusion, these tendencies have been quickly overcome. Mr. Pilet-Golaz, whom the people, rightly or wrongly, suspected of being, if not a convinced appeaser, an opportunist of too great subtlety and too little steadfastness, has steadily lost in influence since 1940. The last by-elections to the Federal Council seem to have substantially strengthened the most energetic and uncompromising wing now headed by the Minister of Justice, Mr. von Steiger, who is generally appraised as the best brain as well as the strongest character in this body. What is even more, the C.-in-C. of the Swiss armed forces, General Henri Guisan, is known to be not only a convinced democrat but a solid bulwark against all conceivable currents of surrender to intimidation, and his influence, heavy as it must be in wartime in even so essentially civilian a nation, is the target of the vilest attacks in the illegal Fascist press and pamphlet literature smuggled into the country from Germany.

Actually, of course, the events on the battlefields have fortified the Swiss Government's position as shown, for instance, in the decision to break off commercial negotiations with Germany. But it is well worth remembering that even before the turn of the tide Switzerland did, quite officially, oppose Germany on all important political issues. In this alleged "German province" Fascist organisations and most of the Fascist press are banned, German films and newsreels censored (most of the big German propaganda films have never been shown at all to the Swiss public); innumerable Nazi spies and political informers on behalf of the Reich have been sentenced to long imprisonment and even—for the first time in modern Swiss history—to death under martial law; despite a strong pressure Switzerland has never allowed the recruitment of a voluntary force "to fight against Bolshevism," and the Swiss press is still openly and outspokenly anti-Nazi. It is true that there exists a censorship preventing any violent outbursts of emotion; yet, although they are not allowed to use strong language against the Axis, the Swiss journalists know perfectly well how to show their disgust at Nazi theories and deeds in a polite but quite unmistakable way—to the immense delight of the Swiss public and to the rage of Goebbels and his creatures who, by their spokesman Dr. Schmitt, have publicly threatened Swiss editors with physical extermination in the case of an Axis victory.

This firm attitude does not merely prevent Germany from taking full advantage of her economic power to build up political supremacy over Switzerland. As long as the Swiss people with its German-speaking majority rejects Naziism, there is always the "danger" of its anti-Nazi influence flowing through many unseen and unheard-of channels northwards and "contaminating" parts of the German people with the "democratic poison"—as it is often enough denounced in utterly abusive verbiage by the local press of the German border territories. It profoundly hurts the Nazi's pride that a tiny population of German descent and cultural inheritance so relentlessly opposes a propaganda that has been able to weaken much stronger and less exposed nations, and that the truth about Nazism—or at least that part of the truth that can be disclosed by polite if poisonous words—is told and written in the Nazi's own tongue, just a step beyond the border of the Reich that boasts itself the ruler of the whole "fortress of Europe."

Why, then, has Hitler never invaded Switzerland? Perhaps because it never occurred to him that after the defeat of France a country of four million people could still refuse him obedience. And because, when he came to realise it, the Swiss had already taken advantage of their one but overwhelming strategic asset, the trump-card of geography, and a new strategy which played into their hands: two of the three main lines from Germany to Italy, crossing the immensely fortified Alpine stronghold into which the Swiss have withdrawn the bulk of their army, would immediately and irreparably be blown up in the event of an Axis aggression, in order to cut Italy off from the industrial and mining resources of the Ruhr upon which her war effort depends The same geographic and strategic position in between the two main Axis powers which seems, at first sight, to force her under the Axis yoke, saves Switzerland. Saves her, of course, because she is determined to be saved at any price—and Hitler knows it.

THE DRAMA OF EUGENE O'NEILL

It is odd but indisputable that after the era of great English verse-drama, since Elizabethan and Jacobean days, the best English-speaking playwrights have been Irishmen or of Irish extraction. Among eighteenth century dramatists (Dryden is seldom read now and hardly ever revived) it is Congreve, Goldsmith, Sheridan who stand out; at the turn of the nineteenth century, Wilde and Synge. And among living dramatists whom would you put before Shaw and Eugene O'Neill?

I am at a loss to account for this Hibernian preponderance, but I note that, with one exception, they all have one characteristic in common. From the dialogue of Congreve, so elegantly voluble yet precise, from the fluid grace of Goldsmith and the concentrated wit of Sheridan, to the extravagant suavity of Oscar Wilde, the nutty and golden talk of Synge's characters and the brilliantly telling prose spoken by Shaw's, the work of all these Irish dramatists has been marked by a command of language. They have excelled in diction in addition to their other merits—with one exception. Eugene O'Neill owes his place in the front rank of contemporary dramatists to his invention, vigour, psychological insight and his theatrical sense, not to his use of words. *The Hairy Ape* is a tremendous little play; its scenes are unforgettable, yet not one line remains in the memory afterwards. In *Desire Under the Elms* we never disbelieved for an instant in the strength of the longing which drew two heart-starved creatures together. The passion between them and the passion of old Ephraim for his Stone God, lifted it high above the usual adultery play. (Contrast with it the imaginatively inedibl synthetic substitutes for passion we are offered year in year out.) The fear and poetry on which tragedy flourishes pervaded the scenes, bu poetry did not blow about the words. The sam is true of O'Neill's masterpiece, *Mourning Become Electra.* The force of that tragedy sprang from a dramatic intuition, wonderfully worked out, that the conception of the unconscious as something pushing men from within in directions unknown and undesired, might be used on the modern stage with the same tremendous effec as the conception of Fate in ancient Greek drama. In all his plays the characters say what is dramatically effective and psychologically appropriate, but they never say it in memorable manner. He has no ear for a phrase, no eye for a metaphor, no tongue for a period. His dialogue is matter o fact and naturalistic, and yet his dramatic methods are figurative, symbolic! His plays abound i symbols, and the consequence is that if his symbolism fails to grip us, whenever it strikes us as more grotesque than impressive, the play is lost. N verbal imagination comes to the rescue of it *Days Without End,* running at the Mercury Theatre till March 17th, is an instance of this happening.

It is described as "a modern miracle play," and that description will do. Its theme is the conflict in a divided personality between th Christian religion and militant scepticism. I ends with the whole man's surrender before crucifix to the God of Love, a surrender which synchronises with the recovery of his wife from approaching death—with a miracle. To th would-be Christian-self in "John Loving" sh is unspeakably dear; to the atheist-self she i detestable, because he loathes life, and "Joh Loving's" marriage with Elsa (Miss Mary Newcomb) had temporally bound him again to life just when the bitter nihilistic self had bee heading "John" for suicide.

In this play scepticism is equated with a desir for death—death personal, death universal Dramatically, this equation is effective; but i the value of the play's content is considered, it i a weakness. Sceptics don't necessarily loath and dread life and therefore also those who shar it most intimately with them. Not very many have enjoyed life more than David Hume, or bee more constantly possessed by benevolent feelings yet few men can have been more sceptical. O the other hand some great Christians, Pascal fo example, have come perilously near being hater of life and enemies of the natural good.

Readers may recall having known men an women who, though unable to believe tha Eternal Love created the world, have neverthele not found life empty, despicable, intolerable, no have they lost the feeling that some things ar good, some bad. From the point of view o appreciating this play, such people will do well t regard it as a study of a special case. Ther are undoubtedly people like "John Loving" for whom there is no alternative between th belief and absolute despair. But they are few O'Neill's method of presenting this split personalit is to make both halves visible and audible to th audience. They invariably appear together, bu sometimes what the evil, savage sceptic says i audible to those on the stage, and is received b them, of course, as proceeding from the mout of "John Loving" himself. (This composit part is acted by Mr. van Gyseghem and Mr. Joh Trevor.) Now this method requires extreme tac on the part of the dramatist. He must stres the perpetual opposition between "the double" and the visible man—that is his theme. But i what the double says contradicts immediately an violently what the visible man has just uttered then the behaviour of the other character listening to him is apt to be unconvincing. An this is what happened on the stage. They know him well enough no doubt to know that he is, an has been since he lost his faith in boyhood, man divided against himself—at least the priest his uncle, knows that well, though his wif apparently does not, until the plot of the nove he is writing reveals it to her. But a man wh uttered in the same breath the tenderest sentiments and violent cynicisms would strike others as mad. This is the technical weakness of the play. It is so grave a one that it relegates *Days Without End* to the list of Eugene O'Neill's failures. At moments it has power, even real dramatic force, and it is rather fascinating, but it is a failure. In *The Great God Brown*, which I have neither seen nor read, I am told he tried to present a double personality by providing the actor with a mask, which from time to time he put in front of his face and spoke through. Eugene O'Neill has always been intensely interested in the problems of personality. Both these plays preceded *Strange Interlude*, which is an extremely interesting drama in which the dialogue is composed of what the characters say to each other and what they think to themselves. That, oddly enough, came off.

The acting at the Mercury Theatre is quiet and naturalistic. It is apt, perhaps, to degenerate at times into mere behaviour, but Mr. Trevor does rise to the exaltation of his surrender at the end and Mr. van Gyseghem achieved an uncanny, acrid bitterness. Desmond MacCarthy

DRAWINGS AND DRAWINGS

To the Victorian public, which had not been put wise to everything by aerial schoolmasters, it was a constant source of surprise and irritation that a highly wrought piece by Vicat Cole or their favourite, Sir John Gilbert, should be called a drawing as though it were no more than a pencilled outline of a naked girl by Ingres or Raphael. And, indeed, this practice of calling elaborate watercolours (e.g., the Birket Fosters at Agnew's) drawings is rather silly: why not call them watercolours *tout court*? For even when we have got rid of such intruders there remains diversity enough, as a visit to current exhibitions—one at Agnew's, another in the Victoria and Albert Museum—will prove.

A group of Constables at Agnew's and some Gainsboroughs in the Witt collection, now on view at South Kensington, show us two great colourists using the lead pencil to render a painter's vision. The object of emotion is atmosphere, tone, movement, light, "the lisp of leaves and ripple of rain"; the means of expression is imposed by circumstance—the artist happens to be in the country with a sketch-book in his pocket: the rendering could hardly be more colourful, in the proper sense of that maltreated word, if he had carried his paint-box as well. For instance, there is at Agnew's a watercolour of Flatford, by Constable, a thing of enchanting beauty, and it is only a little paradoxical to argue that a pencil drawing of Dedham, hanging on the same wall, is as full of colour. The effect of these sixteen sketches grouped together is enough to set talking a little wildly a hardened admirer even: God forbid that I should so much as suspect the great Bond Street house of naughtiness, but why have four bits of dry-rotted nonsense been stuck into this array of liveliness and loveliness, unless it be to call sly attention, not to the greatness of Constable, but to the arid ineptitude of Birket Foster? To make amends, let me congratulate the firm on having unearthed a small but unconventional talent. Manifestly Nos. 4, 8, 76, 80 are from the same hand; the name of the artist is not known; presumably he worked in Devonshire, and I surmise he was not a professional.

Having distinguished between watercolours and drawings, and picked out from the latter those painter's sketches which express a colourist's feelings, we may consider a distinction with which most gallery-goers are familiar—the difference between drawings in the tradition of the Italian Renaissance and drawings in the tradition of Rembrandt. Five-and-twenty years ago critics would have called it the difference between calligraphic and plastic drawing; but even then these names seemed to me misleading. For one thing, the greatest European draughtsmen—Raphael, Holbein, Ingres—are at once calligraphic and plastic: indeed their greatness appears in their ability to render by sheer sensibility of outline the plastic values enclosed. To express content by contour is the supreme triumph. The stumbling-block is Rembrandt, who seems to have been positively scared of a continuous line, and is for ever breaking in on his contour with crossings, dots and tangents in order to indicate stresses and directions. He suggests outlines; he never, or hardly ever, defines them. He achieves plasticity certainly; but so do Raphael and Ingres. He is an Impressionist; and I see no harm in admitting that, while he possessed some qualities that Raphael lacked, he lacked some that Raphael possessed.

The ideal calligrapher would resemble a pianist, who has no need to look at the keyboard, in that he would keep his eye on the object of emotion and make a gesture which expressed that emotion without bothering about the paper. Such perfect detachment is, of course, an ideal; but certain modern draughtsmen—Matisse, Modigliani—have come surprisingly near attaining it. The calligrapher trusts his sense of rhythm and his skill, and if the former be sure and strong and the latter made perfect by practice these will carry him through. Unluckily, to keep his eye on the object, to feel its significance, and to make a gesture to match that feeling is a feat beyond the powers of any student who does not happen to possess genius. So, for three hundred years and more, art-masters, following as they believed the tradition of the Italian renaissance, have taught their pupils to keep their eyes on the drawing-board, and have given them a recipe for constructing concatenations of elegant curves which shall correspond more or less with the common man's notion of a naked body. Thus did the art-masters give us "the grand manner." To make matters worse, the Renaissance had furnished them with an excuse. The Italians of the fifteenth century were much preoccupied with anatomy, and obviously the student who is striving after anatomical correctness must often be drawing not what he sees but what he knows. The door is ajar for the professor to walk in and instruct his pupils neither to look nor to feel but to be correct. The grand manner has become the *Prix de Rome* style.

Of this style let us hope there are no examples in the exhibitions under review, though Le Brun (Witt collection) might not unfairly be called "the grand old art-master," and the Rossetti head at Agnew's is not academic only because any teacher worth his salt would have destroyed it. Painterlike sketching is, as we have seen, gloriously represented by Gainsborough and Constable: also, at South Kensington, are two drawings by Claude and one by Poussin, but these, though admirable, are not quite in the manner. None of the greatest calligraphers is represented; neither is Rembrandt; four little things by Keene, at Agnew's, must do their best for the honour of Impressionism. As for the grand Italian style, Guercino was no giant, but that amateur must be hard to please who cannot enjoy the choice examples of his calligraphy from Sir Robert Witt's collection. As for abuse of the manner, the descent into emptiness, no Spartan could desire a helot in much worse case than Romney. Besides, there is a thing by Copley.

Clive Bell

JUDGING DISTANCES

A Poem from the Forces

Not only how far away, but the way that you say it
Is very important. Perhaps you may never get
The knack of judging a distance, but at least you know
How to report on a landscape: the central sector,
The right of arc, and that, which we had last Tuesday.
And at least you know.

That maps are of time, not place, so far as the army
Happens to be concerned—the reason being,
Is one which need not delay us. Again, you know
There are three kinds of tree, three only, the fir and the poplar,
And those which have bushy tops to; and lastly
That things only seem to be things.

A barn is not called a barn, to put it more plainly,
Or a field in the distance, where sheep may be safely grazing.
You must never be over-sure. You must say, when reporting:
At five o'clock in the central sector is a dozen
Of what appear to be animals; whatever you do,
Don't call the bleeders *sheep*.

I am sure that's quite clear; and suppose, for the sake of example,
The one at the end, asleep, endeavours to tell us
What he sees over there to the west, and how far away,
After first having come to attention. There to the west,
On the fields of summer the sun and the shadows bestow
Vestments of purple and gold.

The still white dwellings are like a mirage in the heat,
And under the swaying elms a man and a woman
Lie gently together. Which is, perhaps, only to say
That there is a row of houses to the left of arc,
And that under some poplars a pair of what appear to be humans
Appear to be loving.

Well that, for an answer, is what we might rightly call
Moderately satisfactory only, the reason being,
Is that two things have been omitted, and those are important.
The human beings, now: in what direction are they,
And how far away, would you say, and do not forget
There may be dead ground in between.

There may be dead ground in between; and I may not have got
The knack of judging a distance; I will only venture
A guess that perhaps between me and the apparent lovers,
Who, incidentally, appear by now to have finished,
At seven o'clock from the houses, is roughly a distance
Of about one year and a half.

Henry Reed

THE MOVIES

"Once Upon a Honeymoon," at the Odeon

"Star Spangled Rhythm," at the Plaza

I never expected to dislike a film with Ginger Rogers in it, but even the Ginger-struck will find *Once Upon a Honeymoon* hard to swallow. Miss Rogers, you see, with an English accent and calling herself Bute-Smith, is engaged in Vienna to a Baron who organises Hitler's *coups* in the capitals of Europe. Wherever she goes a country falls. Blithely engaged in Vienna, married in Prague, separated in Warsaw (Cary Grant intervening), divorced in Paris, and so—all Europe being by now in flames—back to the States. Miss Rogers ends up politically conscious and matrimonially set fair, but this education of a nit-wit is made all the more distressing by Miss Rogers's variable charm and the jauntiness of the director. Sentimental farce which would have been very agreeable in other circumstances, is interleaved here with news-reel shots of the war, the march into Vienna, the battering of Warsaw, Hitler staring up at the Eiffel Tower; and there is a wrench every time the film switches from story to background and back again. One agonising moment, when the director is inspired to "reverence" by his theme, depicts hero and heroine in a concentration camp for the Jews; a sad and serious pose is held in a studio setting and someone sings a dirge off-stage. The tastelessness of *Once Upon a Honeymoon* is emphasised in the Odeon programme by the grim news-reel of the German surrender in Stalingrad.

Star Spangled Rhythm is a musical that sets out to do for Paramount what *The Reluctant Dragon* did for Disney, Inc. But the material isn't so thrilling, and we are let in for a good deal of tedious star-worship and a story with more horse-laughs than fun in

it. The highspots are Preston Sturges with a sequence from a new film and Bob Hope coming in at half-time and compèring the revue at the end. Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake burlesque themselves, but not killingly. There are good music-hall turns by Rochester and by two unidentifiable trick acrobats; and Bing Crosby is the centre of a wonderful patriotic tableau, with the star-spangled banner flying and huge effigies of Lincoln and others in the background.
William Whitebait

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Pissarro Family

With their wonted energy, and perhaps a touch of feminine humour, the directors of Miller's—that enterprising Lewes gallery—have brought together works by three generations of Pissarros. It would be impossible in a small gallery and time of war to show every facet of Camille's art; for Camille was the bravest and most conscientious experimenter of his age. But *Environs de Pontoise* is a beautiful example of his Corotesque manner, and possibly the best thing in the show; while *Prairies de Gisors* is a masterpiece of his middle period and likely to be prime favourite with visitors. A pen drawing, *Marché aux cochons*, has something of Seurat in it, and is a work of great beauty; so is the little chalk drawing, *La moisson.* That Lucien Pissarro was his father's pupil is clear enough; but not less clear is his personal talent. Also it is good to note that, just as Camille's spirit seems never to have flagged, so Lucien's is at its most confident in a picture dated 1934—*Les Oliviers.* Not unnaturally Orovida, Lucien's daughter, reacted against the family tradition and "went oriental." "Not unnaturally," but unfortunately; for *The Apple Harvest*, a picture painted in the French tradition and descending from Maurice Denis and the early Gauguin, is by far her most satisfactory contribution.

Eight Mural Designs, C.D.A., Cooling Gallery

The Civil Defence Artists with their usual enterprise have invited eight of their regular exhibitors to make wall-paintings on Civil Defence subjects. In our time few public bodies or plutocrats have been civilised enough to commission wall-paintings, so that artists usually lack both experience and the inspiration of contemporary examples. Of the gallant eight at the C.D.A., Miss Vera Cuningham has been most thoughtful in her approach to the problem. Faults could be found with her *Incendiaries in a Churchyard*—the tree-trunk is too emphatic, the foliage too unleafy, but the texture and tones provide the "all over" effect that is especially valuable in decorative painting. Miss Rose Henriques, on the other hand, makes a hole in the wall by surrounding a well-painted central portion with dark painting which is more than a frame. (Her sketch is much better, because the tonal contrasts are less violent.) Mr. Samson Schames has not been very successful in his attempt to make with oil-paint an equivalent for mosaic. Mr. Leonard Rosoman provides not so much a decorative painting as a set for a romantic ballet, and has weakened his original design by introducing a figure. Mr. W. L. Clause's effort strikes us as dim and conventional, but is likely to commend itself to officials who have no interest in art. Miss Daphne Chart's sketch in gouache is luminous and good, but she has not succeeded in keeping the surface of her painting either lively or united. Miss Ann Anderson provides a well-thought-out design, reminiscent of Italian banners, but the yellow she uses is not felicitous. In some ways the most interesting design is by Miss Ruth Dennison, who seems to be a "Sunday painter." Apparently without considering the technical problems, she has used a spontaneous sense of design to divide the space most happily. We should like to see a large room decorated by her. The result might be disquieting—it would certainly not be insipid. The C.D.A. deserve particular congratulations on this Exhibition, which should be visited by everyone concerned with the possible revival of decorative painting.

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Correspondence

SHIPPING IN 1918 AND NOW

Sir,—In your issue of January 30th, the American writer, Mr. Michael Straight, reminds us how, at the close of the first World War, Mr. Lloyd George's government cancelled all the successful economic controls and sold out the national ships and shipyards to private owners. He also reminds me that I resigned from the war government as a protest against what I conceived to be a betrayal of the national interest. Mr. Straight warns us not to allow history to repeat itself in regard to the present war. The bad work, however, has already been accomplished; the Ministry of War Transport has concluded negotiations with the shipowners to the effect that merchant vessels built for war purposes are allocated, as built, to the various shipping companies, and will become their private property after the war. I have not heard of any resignation from the Ministry of War Transport on the subject, nor of any pointed parliamentary protest. In one thing, however, the present Government has beaten the record of 1918; it has made its serious decision long before the end of the war.

If, instead of denationalising the ships it had built, Mr. Lloyd George's government had, as I recommended in a long War Cabinet paper, nationalised the entire shipping industry, we might have come to possess, after 26 years, such a fleet of fast cargo vessels as would have made things very difficult for the submarine, to say nothing of improving the conditions of labour of our seamen and saving tens of thousands of gallant lives.

This letter may be taken as evidence that the kind promise to assassinate me was not carried out. "The dog it was that died."

Leo Chiozza Money

Bramley, Surrey.

COMMON WEALTH

Sir,—The large number of votes cast for Common Wealth candidates at recent by-elections has provoked a deal of uninformed comment and speculation. All kinds of reasons have been suggested. Those from hostile quarters are quite wide of the mark and even such sympathetic comments as your own have missed it. May I, as one of the candidates, set out the reason which I know to be true of my own contest, and which I believe to be true of the others?

The votes in question were not just due to dissatisfaction with the Government, but also to the policy put forward by Common Wealth, whose candidates made far greater inroads on Tory majorities than did the Independent Socialists. It has emerged that conventional Left Wing propaganda is not enough to rally the discontented and to inspire enthusiasm. Socialism is not enough. The Common Wealth candidates were quite uncompromising in their demand for common ownership, but they also stressed the moral issue and the need for asking the question, "Is it right?"

Those who want to kill Common Wealth have been at pains to insist that such an appeal only goes down with the middle classes and have deduced that Common Wealth must go Fascist. I found, on the contrary, that its most enthusiastic supporters in Portsmouth were the dockyard workers, with whom I held daily open-air meetings and discussions. I have just received a letter from a group of them which ends, "The gospel you brought with you remains, and we feel sure that the Common Wealth policy, being as it is, clean, honest, sincere and vigorous, must grow speedily to a full maturity."

The cry of Left against Right will never lead the revolutionary forces of this country to victory. Those who continue to think in these terms are as deadly enemies to a new order of society, and as blind to its needs, as the Tories themselves. The significance of Common Wealth, and the cause of its progress, is to be found in its leadership of the real revolution which is breaking out in all ranks of society. The political issue of to-day is right against wrong, and this cry will be irresistible.

Tom Sargant

67, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

BILLETING

Sir,—The welfare of the transferred war worker should be of some importance to the nation. We know, of course, that the country's young women are being called up in thousands for national service. Some go into the Forces and others into the factories. We are given by means of the press, radio, and cinema a clear picture of the life of those who go into the Forces. The girl who is transferred from her home to a strange town and factory obtains little of the limelight. Few people know of the conditions under which they live, although occasionally we do hear something about the good work they are doing "billeted" away from home.

It is about this billeting problem that I ask your indulgence and for some space. There are two types of billets; the voluntary billet and the compulsory billet. A voluntary billet is one where a family have taken into their home a war worker and have done their best to make it genuinely "home from home." Thousands of kind people all over the country have done this and earned the gratitude of industry, and, if the nation knew about their work, the respect of their countrymen. But voluntary billets dry up and they are becoming more and more difficult to procure. Not every householder volunteers to make a home for a war worker. In those districts where voluntary billets can no longer be obtained, compulsion is applied by the local councils.

Now see what happens. The Ministry of Labour transfer girls from home in one part of the country to a factory area in quite a different part of the country. The Ministry of Health delegate to the local councils the task of compulsorarily billeting the girls upon reluctant householders. All that is asked of the householder under the regulations is a bare unfurnished room without heat or light (access to water is requested and thought desirable!) The Ministry of Health provide the necessary equipment, consisting of a camp bed and two blankets—no more no less. In this Spartan atmosphere the modern Amazon becomes a war worker. As far as the Ministries are concerned the job is completed. The girl has been transferred and billeted—the rest everyone hopes will be silence.

If billeting is a National problem it should be tackled nationally as well as locally. It is certainly not true to say that the nation as a whole clearly regards the billeting of war workers as an important National duty. On the contrary, it is a nuisance which we hope we can avoid. The solution to the problem is to create a national conscience on the matter. Properly planned National advertising will quickly put billeting in the limelight; make it an urgent and important war need. War workers should be made to feel that their work is appreciated and that they should be received with kindness and consideration instead of being classified, as is so often the case, as unwanted interlopers.

P. G. Rose,
Welwyn Garden City. Welfare Manager.
p.p. Murphy Radio Ltd.

SUNDAY THEATRES

Sir,—As a very keen playgoer I am more th astonished at the ease with which people like Admi Beamish, writing in your last issue, and certa members of the theatrical profession, assume ther is no demand on the part of the public for Sund theatres. One gains the impression their minds a already made up, yet it would be interesting to he what efforts have been made by them to obtain th views of average men and women on the subject.

These days people find it more than difficult t obtain recreation during the week. Many are worki extremely long hours, and only the very keen wi make the effort, assuming they have the availab time, to attend a theatre or even a cinema during th week. The week-end, and for a great numbe Sunday only, is the one opportunity they have o enjoying some form of amusement. Surely th public, working, travelling and eating under mo difficult conditions, are entitled to entertainme even on a Sunday evening!

No objection is raised to the opening of pubs o Sundays (by no means a necessity as much as o may like their "merchandise") nor to the B.B.C broadcasting throughout the day. In most parts the country cinemas also are allowed to open on the Sabbath, but for some unknown reason the thought of a playhouse giving performances on a Sunday fills certain individuals with horror.

Where members of the theatrical profession object to Sunday shows would it not be better if they obtained other employment? The purpose of the theatre is to entertain when the public is free to enjoy that entertainment, and Sunday happens to be one such occasion. I have little doubt that Equity is strong enough to maintain the six day-week, and each and everyone of us, profession and public, are adamant, I am sure, that a seven day-week shall not operate.

If Admiral Beamish and his friends will make the effort, I think the strength of the demand for Sunday theatres will surprise them. Because the ordinary man and woman do not storm the House of Commons and parade the streets shouting for the opening of theatres on Sundays it does not imply they are indifferent. The demand is there if one will make the effort to discover it, and I for one claim that the Government should satisfy it, especially when other forms of Sunday entertainment are allowed.

GEORGE A. FLEET

RE-EDUCATING GERMANY

SIR,—Why all this insistence on getting at the heads of Germans with textbooks and alien teachers? Education is primarily an affair of the emotions, and if the solar plexus is free the head will take care of itself. Young Germany has an intense emotion about Hitler, and all the talking in the world won't transfer that emotion to something else. The presence of alien teachers would perpetuate the emotion we want to get rid of. Obviously the re-education of Germany is a job for Germans only. For one thing we don't know what the new Germany will be like. Defeated, she is almost certain to go red, and in that case anything we offered would be rejected. Youth would soon transfer a Führer emotion to a German Stalin, and a wise socialism in Germany would retain for a time the goose-step and the flag-waving. I for one am not pessimistic about young Germans, for I taught them in Dresden from 1921 to 1924, and not one youth (nor adult) showed any sign of having been influenced by the *Hymn of Hate*. True, hate wasn't organised then, yet surely at least one brat should have spat at the hated Englander. On the contrary they were all kind, kinder still when I explained that I was a Schottländer.

What I am pessimistic about is our arrogance in daring to re-educate anyone. This morning I have a letter from a teacher in a well-known school. He writes: "I found a boy of eight in hysterics to-day. He had been beaten by the prefects . . . Duty prefects see these kids to bed, and have evolved a scheme of beating the last out of the bathrooms so that the prefects can get downstairs the quicker. One boy is beaten every night." I get many letters like this from teachers who hate home-made Hitlerism. I am told of a baby of 15 months being spanked for soiling its square in an evacuated nursery. So what? Since this war is fundamentally a class war and will end as an open one, we may find that the re-education of Germany will be a very minor matter in a world of global re-education.

A. S. NEILL

WE AND THEY

SIR,—Perhaps I am a trifle late in echoing my praise, but time has not been on my side, hence the lateness. Your article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, February 13th, entitled "Who Are 'They'"? is one of the most magnificent articles that I have seen in print, your description of who "they" are shows a keen understanding of the position, and in these days of mass hysteria, your courage is to be commended. The article explains the situation so well that there is no room left for added thought, certainly not from mere me. I have shown it to many of our workpeople, and the effect has been consoling, if wishful thinking were anything at all, my wish would be that all working people could read it.

W. L. CLARKE

159, West Street,
Banbury, Oxon.

ANTI-SEMITISM AND XENOPHOBIA

Points From Letters

Out of a large number of letters on this subject we have extracted the following points:—

From Ilse Goertz.

Being a Jewish refugee from Nazi oppression I am, perhaps, more critical and more observant than anybody of the misbehaviour of my fellow men, and at the same time suffer through it immensely. Have I not seen the anti-semitism grow in Germany, and can I not see it grow here slowly but steadily? This increase does not depend on the Jews themselves entirely, but very much on people like Mrs. E. Fordham, on people who think. But even then they have to be given the facts. Take my case. I do war work, munitions, and when, being on night shift, have plenty of time to go out in the afternoons. I may go to the West End and look at shops; 90 per cent. of all shop assistants in the department store I go through will say "Ah, another of those bl—— foreigners with pots of money and nothing to do." Why? Because I happen to be well dressed. People don't realise that most of us refugees brought an immense lot of clothes with us because they were the only thing Hitler & Co. would let us take. Besides that we were allowed to take 10*s*. The first two years or more in this country, who graciously took us in the time of need and whom we thank every day from the bottom of our hearts, were spent by most of us as domestic servants wearing overalls and like that saving our clothes. Now, when we wear them they are still new and good. But if you would come to see our homes—and I beg you to come and see them—you will find them but little places, a furnished room with, maybe, a tiny kitchen attached to it. I can assure you you will find no bananas and oranges or other scarcities tucked away. What do we live on? Our weekly wages. We have no family here to live with to make living cheaper; every one of you knows that to live with many people works out more economically than to live on one's own. Now to the "noisy minority" (which were Mrs. E. Fordham's words). When it comes to these we are just as anti-semitic as anyone else, but you can hardly call that anti-semitism. Why always pick on the Jewish unpleasant individuals? There are just as many unpleasant people amongst the non-Jewish population of any country. There are more rich and idle people among the non-Jews as well as many more clever and intelligent ones.

From Hans Eichner.

Jews are not disliked so much because they are a worse lot than the English; which, as Mrs. Fordham herself suggests, they are not. They are disliked because they are different. If, then, the cure for anti-Semitism is to come from within the Jewish community, they must set about abolishing *all* their national characteristics; the question arises whether this course would be desirable. If we wish to benefit from Jewish intelligence, we must not blame all Jewry for being inquisitive, even if this in exceptional cases leads to their unfairly outwitting their neighbours; if we do not want to miss their liveliness, we must acquiesce in their at times being noisy, especially as not being noisy appears to be an exclusively English virtue. The cure, if possible, must come from without the Jewish community. In order to abolish one form of racial hatred we have to abolish all forms. We must make it clear—and unending misery has been caused by our failure to do so in the past—that a man should pride himself on being human, instead of on being English or French or Jewish.

From M. E. Weinstein.

May I ask Mrs Fordham one question: Are the

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JONATHAN CAPE

foreigners whose manners she dislikes *to her certain knowledge* all Jews? Are none of them "Aryan," Poles, Czechs or other Allied nationals? So far as her suggestion that Jews spend their money "to the detriment of the ordinary English family," of course this used to be expressed in the phrase that "the Jews take the bread out of the mouths" of the British, German, French or whatever particular nationality you happen to be appealing to. So far as I am aware, Jews in general have neither more nor less time than non-Jewish members of any nationality, and if they choose to spend it in a law-abiding manner by purchasing foodstuffs which apparently Mrs. Fordham has been unsuccessful in obtaining, what in the name of reason is Mrs. Fordham complaining about? Good living and a full home life are notorious Jewish traits—if instead of buying food in the West End, Jews were to spend their time and money in getting drunk, would Mrs. Fordham feel any better disposed towards them?

From D. M. Kerr.

Living in a small Dorset town, in which, to the best of my knowledge, not a single Jew resides, I, too, have observed that we have among us people who "still continue to have money," and who, if buying goods that are beyond the means of some, is to the detriment of "ordinary English families," must be held guilty of this anti-social act. We also have our early birds who are regularly to be seen at the opening of the shops, ready to snatch at any succulent worms that happen to be available. Our buses returning from neighbouring seaside resorts carry residents, quite classically Anglo-Saxon in name and appearance, holding "bulging baskets" which may, and to the envious and suspicious mind do, contain some of the few unrationed luxuries still permitted us.

From Corporal P. K. O.

Being myself a German Jewish refugee, I have to admit Mrs. Fordham's observations about the behaviour of parts of the Jewish refugees in this country, and its effects were very much to the point. During an occasional army leave in London this is for many of us a very painful experience, leading to reactions which are perhaps stronger than those of an ordinary Englishman. We know only too well by now that we will always be judged as a community after the misdeeds and ill-behaviour of a few. And therefore, not only in our own interest, but because we have learned so convincingly that anti-Semitism is nothing but the strongest forerunner of reaction and Fascism, I would like to bring forward some arguments for the other side of this question. I feel—although such a statement might sound impolite—that the immigration authorities of this country are not altogether free of guilt, as it had been their policy to admit as refugees, with exception of a few domestic servants, student farmers, and the 1,500 inmates of the Kitchener Camp, only those Jews who had considerable funds at their personal disposal, but who by no means represented the elite or even the average of German Jewry. And again, once in this country these refugees were not allowed to work, and thereby induced to speculate. It is this type of refugees now who seem to form the public opinion about the refugees, and perhaps about the Jews, as a whole.

There exists no Jewish authority, I believe, strong enough to influence these people to alter their ways of living. But as the continuance of their activities appears to become a potential danger to democracy, why not conscript them all and compel them to real work in the war factories under the same conditions as British war workers, something that is their moral duty to their tortured brethren in Nazi Europe in any case? And why not speak more about those who are so busy with research work, or in war factories, that the public has no chance to be impressed by them? Or why not speak more about those thousands of us who now for over three years serve as volunteers with the British Army (and if that was mostly in the comparative security of the Pioneer Corps, this is certainly not so, because it was our own choice)?

From F. R. Bienenfeld,
Chairman, Jacob Ehrlich Society.

As the chairman of an association the bulk of whose members are former Austrian Jews, I have some experience in observing the attitude of my fellow-refugees. Most of your readers will agree that before the outbreak of the war and afterwards up to May 1940 no complaints were made of the behaviour of refugees. At that date wholesale internment started, quite understandable in a period of panic and fear of invasion, but which led to regrettable consequences as far as the mentality and the status of the refugees were concerned. The great majority had been classified "victims of Nazi oppression" by British tribunals, and felt sure that they had nothing to fear from their British hosts whatever happened. But from one day to the next they found themselves "prisoners of war," and were interned under conditions which, in consequence of the lack of preparations, were sometimes similar to concentration camps unintentionally. Many were sent overseas and there put behind barbed wire. After many months this policy was reversed but by no means completely. The refugees, arch-enemies of the Nazis and admirers of the British nation, who desired to join in the common fight, were not allowed to use their skill and their abilities in the common cause, and are still regarded with suspicion and earmarked as enemy aliens. It is quite clear that this disillusionment and disappointment through a period of more than two years are bound to create in some of the people a feeling of egosim which I do not defend and only try to explain. If you want people to behave as guests you must treat them as such. If you impose on them measures which they feel to be inadequate to their situation you cannot be surprised that some of them lost that sense of social responsibility which all Jewish newcomers assumed when they arrived. To my mind Mrs. Fordham's letter raised a general question of the utmost importance, namely, the problem how to acclimatise people of whatever creed or extraction. Treat them as human beings and they will respond accordingly; treat them with suspicion and they will become intractable.

From Harry E. L. Woolf.

To deny the good faith of Mrs. Fordham's letter or the substantial element of truth it contains would be to deny the evidence of one's own senses. The attitude of mind from which springs the appalling left-handedness of behaviour exhibited by a percentage of refugees is one of the minor vexations of our time, which weighs with particular heaviness upon the Anglo-Jewish community. The reason, perhaps, is not far to seek; the remedy less near. In my submission it lies very largely in the influence of environment upon outlook. These unfortunate people come from national groups whose standards of conduct and outlook upon life are very substantially different from our own.

To have been born in England, of parents similarly born, cannot fail to have its effect on attitude and outlook, irrespective of creed or race, and so surely it must be with the subjects of Mrs. Fordham's letter. It would seem beyond all doubt that they do not come from lands where obedience to the unwritten laws of conduct is as important as respect for the statutes. They are conditioned, too, by the vicissitudes they have experienced in the lands they have fled. Nevertheless such are the trials of our day that the traditional national tolerance, like so many other peacetime commodities, is in short supply, and these irreconcilables among our foreign residents may, if not curbed, exert a permanent influence for harm upon the whole fabric of relations between Gentile and Jew, both British and foreign. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Rabbinate as a whole, as well as those many well affected persons of the Christian creed to whom the refugees owe so much, will not cease or weary in pointing out individually and in the most unmistakable terms to these backsliders the harm they do to their cause and their community by conduct which cannot be condoned.

KRISHNAMURTI

"You say you are angry when you hear of injustice. Is it because you love humanity, because you are compassionate? Do compassion and anger dwell together? Can there be justice when there is anger, hatred? Your anger does not alter injustice or cruelty; it can only do harm. To bring about order, you yourself have to be thoughtful, compassionate. Action born of hatred can only create further hatred. There can be no righteousness where there is anger. Righteousness and anger cannot dwell together. Anger under all circumstances is lack of understanding and love. It is always cruel and ugly. The world is but an extension of the individual. Until we understand this and alter ourselves radically and profoundly, the mere change of the outer circumstances will not bring about peace in the world."

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(Headmaster of Rugby) *writes:*
"He has written a brave and rather startling book which deserves the serious attention of all those who have at heart the welfare of the Church of England." 10/6 *net*

MICHAEL JOSEPH

BOOKS IN GENERAL

For years Roget's *Thesaurus* has been one of my favourite books. Its usefulness is of the kind one hesitates to admit, because (like tobacco or the bottle) it oils one's worst moments and then can be forgotten. A bad habit, no doubt, and in the long run we should all write better without Roget; but the journalist, especially, lives from day to day, and the days when, a victim of agraphia, he is floored for everything, must be eased somehow. Roget supplies the inspiration, the nip. True, the *mot juste* is unlikely to step forward from those ranks of synonyms, and the more entries we comb through the less, probably, our chance of discovering a word of the right shape and colour; but the mere array and the exercise of choice prevent total stoppage. The danger, if anything, is that Roget may prove too distracting. So many words that could be useful in other circumstances, other people's words, unknown and florid and questionable words, have an appeal that's hard to resist. Insensibly, in the search through categories and opposites, one's thought becomes acclimatised. Not the English language but Roget is the ultimate flavour. It's a flavour hard to define: musty, rich, peppery, bibliophile, an accumulation of old-fashioned oaths, the English hour and the ready-reckoner. Who was Roget? Did he invent the thesaurus? How complete, how far biased in his view of English? Was there ever a time when his vocabulary, though generous and correct, didn't sound years out of date? These are the questions that persist through new editions and revisions, and—the Thesaurus being what it is—I have never been tempted to look for the answers. I lack a word, I pick up Roget, the approximate word is there or not, and I go on to browse for a little. The amount of desultory word-prospecting, over years, that I have accomplished in this way must be considerable. Roget provides a *terrasse* from which idly, with the excuse of a business appointment, one can watch a world go by—the families of words, nouns of quality and quantity, active and passive verbs, epithets, interjections, the ragged as well as the overdressed. Never wildly exciting, this spectacle, yet never altogether disappointing; one page appeals like the next.

> Blackguard, *polisson;* loafer, sneak*;* raps, rascallion; cullion, mean varlet, kern, *âme de boue;* cur, dog, hound, whelp, mongrel; lown, loon, runnion, outcast, vagabond, rogue, etc. (*knave*) 941; scum of the earth, riff-raff; *Arcades ambo.*

Most of these are familiar enough, and a polite curiosity extends to others. Rascallion, *âme de boue*, scum of the earth, *Arcades ambo:* what sort of writer does one have to be to welcome them as being, in any straits, usable? Nice to stare at, though, passing by. And "runnion" and "kern" send me to Oxford to discover usage, derivation and the label, after each, "*obs.*"

A similar volume, but remote from the trim walks of Roget and Oxford, has shaken me out of my thesaurus habits. *The American Thesaurus of Slang** is fabulous, contemporary, vulgar, exciting to the fancy and terrifying in some of its implications. I am not, let me say, one of those who find American speech as stimulating as the Elizabethan; for one thing, there is no poetry attached to it. Gusto without imagination quickly tires. But here, without question, collected with the admirable thoroughness of American scholarship, is the most surprising and varied body of slang the world has ever known. Compare with the previous extract from Roget the following sample under the head of "Bore":

> Airedaile, blank, block, boreconstrictor, bump on a log, burned bearing, bust chicken-head, chunk of lead, clunk, cold coffee or tea, court-plaster, cramp, crock, (poor) crumb, damper, damp rag, dead battery, dead head, dead one *or* 'un, dim bulb, dodo, doughface, drag, drip, droop, droopy drip, dryasdust, dry hole, dud, dumb-bell, dummy, empty plate, flat, flat tire or hoop, flat-wheeler, flop, (old) fogey *or* fogy, gloom, gloomocrat, gripe, hail-fellow-all-wet, high hig, humdrummy, hunk, iceberg, Joe Sad, lemon, lobster, loon, low water, mopus, muff, not a flat tire but a slow leak, pain, pain in the neck,—the cervical vertebrae,—the collar button,—the solar plexus,—the ass,—the atlas,—the whatsis, etc., pair of wet pants, pepless pimple, pest, pester, pickle, pill, poke, poor potato, quince, sack, sinker, (old) slowie, slowpoke, steer, (poor) stick, stick-in-the-mud, (big) stiff, washout, wet blanket, wet smack.

Rabelais couldn't have done better. Most of the virtues of American "slanguage" are present in that catalogue, which could be matched by a hundred others: the amazing fecundity, the metaphors from common life (dim bulb, low tide and Airedaile are admirable), the retention of words that have lost their English currency (loon, mopus), the wealth of expressive monosyllables, the compression of popular witticisms into a word or a phrase. "Boreconstrictor" is typical of a new extension of language in which punning achieves its briefest and most acceptable form. The portmanteau-words of popular speech, unlike some of Joyce's more recondite creations, keep their joke and their origin. Elsewhere in the Thesaurus I notice scriptteaser (radio comedian), big-dame hunting, poisonality, mutter-boat, slaughterhouse (porterhouse steak), chicagorilla (gunman), etc. The splicing habit isn't always so lucky; journeylist (for tripper) and similar distortions seem the product of aimless punning. To squeeze elderly words into new shapes, to give a sardonic ring to the accepted or highflown, is one of the chief motives behind slang, and it can be carried to wearisome lengths.

Not that slang should be taken neat, as in a dictionary or thesaurus; it flavours rather than displaces "correct" speech. A foreigner who, before visiting the United States, studied *The American Thesaurus of Slang*, under the impression that he was learning the language, would find himself monstrously equipped. "Here I come, honey!" he would say, entering the room, or "Bone jar!" or "How's your couverosity sagaciating this morning?" Instead of shaking hands, he would extend the palm or give the glad-mitt. His cigarette would be a brain tablet. He wouldn't take a bath or get a hair-cut, but dunk the body or mow the alfalfa. Sunday morning would find him, if devout, at the godhoppery, listening with other amen-snorters to the words of a gospel shark. There would be nothing in the world, from poached eggs on toast (Adam and Eve on a raft) to a black eye (goog or half-moon), for which he wouldn't have a choice of half a dozen new nickle phrases. He would be rather intolerable. An Airedaile, in fact.

Persistent jocularity in either a language or an individual tears the nerves to tatters, and my reaction after some days' incredulous browsing in Messrs. Berrey and Bark's thesaurus is a longing for the quiet ways of Oxford. The jungle has been brought too close, that jungle of loudspeaker and car and tommy-gun, of gutteral satisfactions and human unimprovability, which includes alike the dictatorships we are fighting against and the democracy we are fighting to preserve. Murder, alcohol, sex provide three of the longest entries in the book. While Shaw and Wells continue to impress upon us their visions of Utopia and of the dawning superman, here is the authentic voice of the herd, articulate for the first time. Superman or — the word jumps at once out of one of these catalogues— humanzee? It is a fascinating, if somewhat terrifying, prospect.

But casual inroads into the jungle can produce only rapt discovery. What tiger stripes, what monkeys and parakeets! To add at random to the phrases already quoted: curtains (death), frumpy femme, glimstick (candle), to cut a dido, chicagoed (bumped off), arctic explorer (dope fiend), bedroom eyes, bonehouse (skeleton: the word occurs, by the way, also in Hopkins), sunup, shank of the evening, screaming meanies (d.t.s), gad the hoof, burping bedpost (bassoon), not a snowball's chance in hell, the come-hither look, fantod (delirious vision). The list could be prolonged indefinitely. Everyone who hacks his way through the 1,174 pages of *The American Thesaurus of Slang* will come back with his own orchids. It makes our English slang, as represented in Mr. Eric Partridge's well-known dictionary, seem thin and tasteless by comparison. In this sort of word-making and word-play we are the spectators to-day.

Mr. Partridge, by the way, has just added another to his list of dictionaries; a little one this time and strictly useful. *A Dictionary of Abbreviations* (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is intended chiefly to help members of the services and civil servants through the alphabetical maze of official orders. It isn't gay reading, brevity being here devoid of wit, but the editor points out that few of us at the present time can do without some such reference book. We are all, for example, supposed to know that the initials B.B.C., besides their allegiance to Portland Place, stand also for a poison gas, bromo-benzyl-cyanide. This characteristic entry shows the scope of Mr. Partridge's reference:

> *P.R.* Prize Ring.
> 2. Milton's *Paradise Regained.*
> 3. Proportional representation.
> 4. Pre-Raphaelite (noun and adj.).
> 5. Public Relations (the publicity department of certain Services and Ministries).
> 6. L. *Populus Romanus*, the Roman people.
> 7. Porto Rico.

Some of the abbreviations included by Mr. Partridge are unfamiliar, even when explained; others are surprising. There are few fields where the significant initial has not penetrated. I knew J.C., and even B.M. (Beata Maria), but H.G. for the Holy Ghost, is new to me.

G. W. STONIER

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* *The American Thesaurus of Slang.* By Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark. Constable. 40s.

MUSICAL GUIDE

Walford Davies: A Biography. By H. C. COLLES. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6*d.*

The Music of William Walton. VOL. I. By FRANK HOWES. *Oxford University Press.* 2*s.*

Beethoven's Second-Period Quartets. By GERALD ABRAHAM. *Oxford University Press.* 2*s.*

Music and the Line of Most Resistance. By ARTUR SCHNABEL. *Oxford University Press.* 10*s.*

The name of Walford Davies is so firmly fixed in the public mind as a leading exponent of the new art of broadcasting that it is a shock to discover how deep were his roots in a fast vanishing epoch of English music. Dr. Colles, in an admirably composed biography, paints in with conspicuous skill the late Victorian and Edwardian world in which Davies became eminent—a world remarkably little altered since the days of Mendelssohn and the Prince Consort. The musical roost is still ruled by an imposing array of organists, doctors and knights enthroned aloft in their majestic eyries, whence they descend to preside at one of those monster festivals which punctuate the musical year and for which they are found to have completed yet another sacred cantata, published by Novello, "score and parts on application." A world Trollopian in its roundness and self-satisfaction; Trollopian, too, let us admit, in its dutiful efficiency. The sheer skill in counterpoint and extemporisation, the mastery of choir-training, the sober and exquisite handling of the organ; all these are virtues which would well become any nation's musical life. In England, unfortunately, they usurped the entire constitution.

At the Temple and at Windsor Sir Walford raised this world of English church music to a sort of apotheosis. Then, thanks to a natural spontaneity and zest, he mastered instantly the strange new toy of radio. But what precisely, it is necessary to ask, was the result of all those hundreds of talks to school children, to "Everyman" and to the "Ordinary Listener"? No doubt they instructed and kindled many and "gave pleasure" to thousands (including, apparently, many who listened for companionship alone, just as Mr. Middleton is said to number among his audience hundreds who care nothing about spring leeks—a sad comment on human loneliness !). The much discussed " musical renaissance " of the present day has been ascribed in part to his influence. If so, one wonders what he would have thought of its leading characteristic, those weekly total immersions (as in a series of pre-austerity hot baths) in the piano concertos of Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven and Addinsell. He could not reasonably have blamed the public for their stony indifference to the rest of music, for his own taste, so fine in detail, was curiously limited in scope. The attention of the Ordinary Listener was seldom drawn to the existence of a contemporary master (if we except Elgar); of Tudor music Davies knew, for a choirmaster, surprisingly little; opera was " a lifelong bugbear "; while towards the less familiar aspects of the past he remained obstinately incurious. " The discovery of a masterpiece," says Dr. Colles, " rarely prompted him to search for others by the same master."

The present generation scarcely realises that thirty years ago Walford Davies was regarded as a considerable composer. Dr. Colles's summaries and quotations suggest that *Everyman* and others of the earlier works were more than the English equivalent of *Kapellmeistermusik,* and one would be glad of an opportunity to hear them again—a service the B.B.C. might well render to its faithful servant. Probably there was more in him as a composer than circumstances brought out. Many composers, it is true, have started from origins far less propitious than an Oswestry dissenting choirmaster's home with a harmonium in the parlour. But, once they have begun to make their way in the world, consider the mental climate encountered by Davies's foreign contemporaries, a Strauss, a Stravinsky or a Debussy, and then contrast it with the best that a young English organist could expect. Not financial but intellectual and temperamental poverty—that is apt to be the rub in England.

This question of background as stimulus to the composer seems to me of great importance. First-rate work is produced, not merely because a man of great talent is born, but because he finds an active intelligent response to his work, a small public capable of grasping his ideas and spreading them until the ear of the great indifferent public is reached. A coterie, with all its faults, is very much better than a vacuum. English composers are left too severely alone; even a national figure like Elgar had so little direct contact with his public that for years it never occurred to anyone that he might write a Third Symphony, if only it were to be commissioned! It was not the money he needed, but the demand, the feeling of being actively wanted. At present the only public demand for serious new music comes from radio and film, media so ephemeral that one cannot expect a composer to produce his best work for them. Composers need a live, critical, disinterested circle: remember the Brahms circle, the Schubert and the Chopin circles. A greatly gifted composer like Arthur Bliss suffers, one feels, from the lack of such a circle; and perhaps in recent years the same thing has begun to be true of William Walton, on whose music Mr. Frank Howes has written an extremely useful addition to the *Musical Pilgrim* series. The first volume covers the two concertos, *Façade,* the Piano Quartet and the cantata *In Honour of the City of London;* its analytical notes could hardly be improved, and I look forward to the appearance of the second volume dealing with *Belshazzar's Feast* and the Symphony.

Another addition to the same series is Mr. Gerald Abraham's study of Beethoven's " Second-Period Quartets " (i.e. Op. 59, 74 and 95). Mr. Abraham is one of the best critics of style now writing in English, and if his touch is more sure in the Russian masters than in Beethoven, he has produced a commentary which is never dull. I feel bound, however, to protest against his grudging estimate of the fugal finale of the third Rasumovsky, surely one of the greatest displays of nervous energy and fire in all Beethoven's chamber music.

Herr Schnabel is a better pianist than lecturer. This volume contains the text of three lectures delivered in the University of Chicago in 1940, and in spite of its modesty, sincerity and occasional felicities, is too confused in argument and erratic in judgment to be of much value. Here, for instance, is a platonic-sounding dictum from page 61: " It is an axiom that the greater includes the lesser. Therefore the greatest works of music include all types, even the cheapest." But on page 64 we read: " Music by Mozart is so all-inclusive that all musicians can find room in it. It excludes, to be sure, vulgarity, bombast and superficiality." Against all the evidence of musical history Herr Schnabel denies that great composers " are ever inspired by the specific qualities of instruments "; what of those two discoveries of the clarinet by Mozart and by Brahms? of Elgar's feeling for the soul of the violin, of Chopin's for the piano? But even a Schnabel lecture has its *scherzando* passages, and it is pleasanter to end with one of these, a happy description of the average recitalist's programme as " arranged like a foreign visitor's day in Paris—from cathedral to night club."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

WEEPING EARL

The Great O'Neill. A Biography of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, 1550–1616. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Longmans.* 15s.

Hugh O'Neill was the second Earl of Tyrone. The title had first, in 1542, been granted by English patent to his grandfather, the limping Conn, who, with the formalities proper to " The O'Neill's " person and to centuries of O'Neill independence behind him, came to Greenwich Palace to make formal (time was to show how purely formal) obeisance to the ruling English monarch, Henry VIII. Conn's predecessor in this act, thirty-one years before, had been his Ulster neighbour and kinsman by marriage, Young Hugh O'Donnell (son of Red Hugh, that " full moon of the hospitality and nobility of the north ") who left the presence at Whitehall as Sir Hugh. What had preceded, what was to follow, what was the motive for and who profited by the interchange of these equivocal courtesies? That lesser Gael, O'Conner Sligo, who deemed it wise to come in more or less entirely under Henry VIII's system of " Surrender and Re-grant," was to provide a warning sinister enough to stick in the O'Neill and O'Donnell minds. The weak Earl of Desmond, after miserable years in London, still had his apotheosis—the Munster rising—ahead of him; he had been back again where his forefathers started before his head was hacked off in the wet woods. From Desmond the second Earl of Tyrone, who rode Munster with the English who rode him down, had also something to learn. Ultimately, it was Tyrone (Hugh O'Neill) and Red Hugh O'Donnell the second who were the double kernel of the resistance to English expansion in Ireland in Elizabeth's reign.

Mr. O'Faolain's *The Great O'Neill* is a study of the man and his time—a time of which he was considerably ahead. As a character, Hugh O'Neill was and is inscrutable; he gave away little and left little behind. As general, as statesman with no defined State behind him, he was recognised by his contemporaries abroad. At home, patriotic myth has not only blurred but falsified his figure: from these however heroic mists it becomes his biographer's purpose to rescue him. As uncertain successor to the O'Neill lordship, he was occupied, till well on into maturity, with playing his own hand—and it was to the English interest that he should continue to be so occupied; hence the English flirtation with his successive rivals. The Elizabethans, as Mr. O'Faolain shows, were adept at giving slight tips to the rocking stone. The Anglo-Gaelic lord's lust for personal power looked like making him an amenable man—but were power once acquired, it could not fail to spell trouble. It was acquired, and did. O'Neill knew how to play up to the English idea that he was being kept banked down. He used years of quiescence to extend his domination and to multiply and to build up his men. Increasingly reluctant to fight the English, he became increasingly able to do so at any time. It took the climax of a series of English blunders to make Hugh O'Neill a patriot *malgré lui.*

Elizabethan England had instructed O'Neill, if it had not—or had it at all?—impressed him. For seven years of his boyhood he was allowed to view, from close up, the more august side of that civilisation to be imposed on his own country, soon, by fire and sword. Sir Henry Sydney's taking of the boy of uncertain future back with him to his home in England may have been either an act of private compassion, or, equally, an experiment in policy. The English wish to civilise Ireland was as keenly felt as the Spanish wish to civilise Mexico, and was at least no less disinterested. Each Gaelic lord, on his brief appearance in London, looked shocking, with his air of contrary hauteur, " his escort of gallowglasses, armed with battle-axes, bareheaded, their curls long, their shirts bright saffron, their sleeves flowing, and their tunics brief beneath their furry cloaks," and rumour found him worse than he looked. Each was the apex of his own tribal system, into which, since Strongbow, the Anglo-Norman feudalism had seeped. Carew was to write to Cecil of " the great desire of the Irish lords to keep justice out that they may tyrannise with absolute power, confiscating both goods and lives at pleasure." As for the creatures tyrannised over, they were savages by such unmistakable showing that their reclamation would not have been worth the gesture had it not excused the annexation of land . . . To civilise young O'Neill, to return to a place of power in Ulster a perfected Elizabethan gentleman, would not be a bad idea—if that *were* Sydney's. The lad knew Ludlow Castle, Penshurst, where he was allowed to play with young Philip Sydney, London (on a leash) and—under Leicester's patronage (which was to prove more enduring than Sydney's)—Kenilworth.

Here, however, was a Renaissance character with whom Elizabethanism did not take. For one thing, the subject was glowering with a strong sense of family wrong: his uncle Sean, " The Proud," had successfully murdered his (Hugh's) father, Matthew—beloved bastard and named heir of Conn O'Neill. Over there in Ulster, Sean the usurper had now the field to himself. Pleached alleys, fishponds and graceful converse would, under the circumstances, seem very unreal. To tolerate them could be no more than a policy. Hugh O'Neill, upon his return to Ireland at seventeen, had already begun to embrace those humiliations attendant on playing for English support. He was Baron of Dungannon, but not, for years more, Tyrone. The satisfaction of seeing his uncle's head on a pike was to be mitigated for him, too soon, by the emergence of his second cousin Turlough, who not unfavourably caught the English eye.

Hugh O'Neill was a man who knew how to behave—but knew when not to. His public tears and his bawlings may have been unstrategic: their effects could not have been bettered by calculation—they embarrassed his English peers; they gained time. He had the knack of setting a scene his way: one crucial interview had to be shouted across a stream; his talk with the second Essex (a turning-point) took place with O'Neill on horseback in a river, water up to the horse's neck, Essex high and dry on the bank. Mr. O'Faolain's study must stand or fall by the importance he succeeds in giving its subject—and to my mind it stands triumphantly: shrewdness and a perception on the poetic level are equally present in the interpretation. The art and the artfulness of the novelist have been both used and subdued here. As to the history—the point of view, with its here and there almost blighting detachment, gives the record, *qua* record, still more point. The Elizabethan campaigns in Ireland do not make pretty reading—though it still becomes evident, in some contexts, that they are reading to recommend. Mr. O'Faolain, as an Irishman, shows unusual power to photograph this country's attitude to his own. Evidently it is the extra-Europeanism of Ireland, the lack of common memories based on Roman rule, that has been and still may be found repugnant. All the same, O'Neill, the "savage," could reach round England to entertain lively relations with Rome and Spain. He spoke a language, he acted in a tradition that Europe, if not England, was able to understand. He was not only Catholic and patriot; and not only as Catholic and patriot has he been studied here. He was the last of the barons—across the water, in England, the Tudor new order, raised over the fall of the barons, could still not be indifferent to his threat. In England, the overt Shakespearean tussle, the threat to the throne, was over: power-politics kept men jockeying outside the Queen's door. Is one to wonder that this last of the barons—this red-eyelashed, peering Gael, this salmon-fisher, this honeymooner disdaining the gallant word—tried Elizabeth's temper to frenzy, and, in the end, finished her? He was the fly in the ointment, the crack in the mirror, the thorn in the flesh. When he made his final submission to her Deputy, Mountjoy, O'Neill had not yet been told that she lay dead.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

THE HEART OF THE PROBLEM

Young Citizen. By A. E. MORGAN. *Penguin Special.* 9d.

Dismissing the L.C.C. decision on Public Schools as a side issue, Mr. A. J. Cummings in his column recently complained, on the evidence of a number of Army officers, of the low standard of education among the men turned out by the State schools. "Turned out" is, of course, the operative phrase; our State schools, understaffed and ill-equipped, turn out 87 per cent. of our children at the age of 14. An intelligent social commentator would not require the evidence of Army officers to convince him that the majority of our population are under-educated. What seems to me more surprising is the number of boys who are prepared after a full day's work to undergo the drudgery of evening classes in order to acquire enough mathematics, for instance, to qualify for training as air crew.

In *Young Citizen* Mr. A. E. Morgan, who was commissioned by the King George's Jubilee Trust in 1938 to survey the whole field of adolescent activities, examines with great thoroughness the provision made for this 87 per cent. after they leave school. The inquiry covers a wide field from juvenile employment and unemployment to a listing of the types and aims of the many voluntary associations which provide some further education or even recreation for this disgracefully neglected section of our community. What strikes one most obviously here is the extraordinary variety of voluntary bodies which have been set up to deal with the problem and the comparative ineffectiveness of the results. It would be absurd to disparage the energy and devotion which have gone into establishing clubs, movements and associations for the 14–18 year olds. Had it not been for the work these have done, Mr. Cummings and his Army officers might have been a good deal more shocked at the general state of mal-education. But the fact remains that these bodies only touch the fringe of the problem and that some form of compulsion is essential to solve it. The adolescent must be made to attend school and the employers must be prevented from exploiting juvenile labour.

Mr. Morgan suggests (rightly, as I think) raising the school age to sixteen together with the establishment of continued part-time education up to eighteen, the time for which is to be provided during the day, not after working hours, and for which special schools should be provided. These projected continuation schools. would require imaginative planning and elastic administration. They would have to provide not only for formal classes but as well for the recreational and cultural activities for which they would become the local centre. They would be school and club and junior university in one, with libraries, stages, cinemas, laboratories, playing fields, gymnasia, gardens, reading rooms, etc. They would provide all the amenities and opportunities which the voluntary associations fail adequately to supply through lack of funds; and there is little doubt that, if they were imaginatively created, of the boys and girls who came compulsorily on their two or three days a week, many would return in the evenings and week-ends for the opportunities which they offered. Their success would depend, of course, on really generous provision and really flexible organisation; for unless they were designed to cater for a vast variety of tastes and capacities, they would kill instead of encourage self-development, and they would fail to compete with the rival attractions of the cinema, the football pool and greyhound racing.

Another proposal of Mr. Morgan's I hope will not escape notice, a proposal to send every child to a residential school for a period not less than a year. If the children of the well-to-do are sent away from home too early, the children of the poor leave home too late. The bourgoisie, loudest in their defence of the blessings of family life, commonly get rid of their little boys to boarding school at the age of eight or nine; and this is much too young for a small child to enter the loveless, spartan existence of imitation public school life. It is equally common to find that the working-class boy who is called up into the Services is then leaving home for the first time at the age of 18, 19 or 20; Mr. Morgan notes that perfectly sensible transfer schemes for young workers have been wrecked by home-sickness. The controversy which periodically breaks out as to the respective merits of day or boarding schools is misconceived. The real question is what is the suitable age for a boy to leave home so as to acquire independence of character and judgment. The psychologists could doubtless give us the best available answer which, though it might differ in individual cases, would be accurate enough to form a workable plan. In the transition period the huts and camps and barracks left over from the war would make suitable sites (together, perhaps, with those public schools which have been left derelict by the L.C.C.)

But it is the continuation school (if no better name can be found) which is the more important. The experience of Rugby, one of the two towns to run a compulsory day continuation scheme, has been that the more education that is supplied the more is wanted; the result of the scheme has been to treble the number of children who take evening courses. One thing is certain. We shall not begin to be a working democracy until we fill this enormous gap in our educational lines. It may be true, as the anti-planners continually remind us, that what matters in education is the spirit, not the organisation, or that what really counts in the end is the quality of the teachers, not the buildings. But without the physical apparatus we shall have neither teachers nor spirit.

T. C. WORSLEY

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front-line family!

stand by China on
China's
flag day
London, March 23
elsewhere during last week in March
UNITED AID TO CHINA FUND
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Irish writers in recent years seem to suggest a natural aptitude for this form. But it must be confessed that the short story in its present state of development is not a completely satisfying medium. Mr. Francis MacManus, one of the younger Irish novelists, has been experimenting quietly for some years, and his new book, *Watergate*, has exciting possibilities, for he may be the pioneer of a new mode in Irish fiction. He has courageously broken the commercial convention of the ordinary novel, and *Watergate*, like his previous story, *Flow on Lovely River*, may best be described as a *conte*. There is no fumbling in this book. Mr. MacManus has mastered the form, and its advantages are immediately obvious. The form enables him to concentrate on his theme and to charge every sentence with significance and movement as in a good play. Russian influence has lingered on in serious Irish fiction and Mr. MacManus has been the first to break from this convention and learn for himself from French technique. In this new study of provincial life he shows something of the ruthless persistence and inquisitiveness of François Mauriac. But his temperament is neither ironic nor morbid. He lacks sophistication indeed, but there is a suppressed gusto and eagerness in his economical style which enables him to depict a complete character in a few energetic lines of dialogue.

In exploring beneath the surface of provincial life in the Midlands with an almost painful exactitude, Mr. MacManus is helping to widen the scope of the Irish novel. The returned Yank has been a figure of fun both on the Abbey stage and in real life. Here we are given the other side of the facts. After many years spent in America, Alice Lennon decided to come home to her sister's farm.

> Everything would be all right then, like a good beginning. And although she had dredged her memory for all the hardships of her rearing in Watergate—the cramped life that seemed to lead nowhere, the poor clothes, the patched and broken shoes and bare feet, the lined, strained, harsh face of her father, the endless trudging for water, potatoes and bread and scant meat, the early rising and the chapped hands and the east wind blowing into the cowsheds—although she dredged up all the black unpleasant things, yet the serene happiness and the stored warmth of the valley would keep returning. Then, she came home.

Alice's sister was weak and ailing, her brother-in-law burdened with difficulties, and the whole house in a shocking condition and run by a slovenly housekeeper of tinker blood, Ruby Butts. What seems at first a mere battle of mop and pail becomes a tragic conflict of entangling lives. Silently, suffering, with her half-witted child clinging to her, Ruby Butts watches every move of this enemy from another world. Anxious to invest her savings in the farm and improve it, Alice knows that she must break through traditions and human ties. Is progress worth heartbreak? The tension of the conflict is absorbing. Yet all the time we are aware of other reverberations. The handsome, buxom woman, who has had a husband in America, is fond of a drink and a song. She does not go unnoticed in a puritanical countryside, where minds are raffish, and where hardship, late marriages and physical cautiousness have led to a rapidly decreasing birthrate.

AUSTIN CLARKE

The Literary Outlook. By S. L. BETHELL. Christian News-letter Books. *Sheldon Press.* 2s. 6d.

"Other things being equal (i.e., the ability to manipulate words, observation, narrative power, human sympathy, etc.), a Christian writer should produce a more profound synthesis of experience than a non-Christian." Out of that belief Mr. Bethell has written a stimulating essay on literary values and the future. He deplores (who does not?) the gap between highbrow and lowbrow, and comes down heavily on the middlebrow writer who makes the best, or worst, of both worlds. Pretentiousness, a woolly aestheticism, and the substitution of "culture" for belief are the main points of Mr. Bethell's attack; and when it comes to the highbrows his complaint, though modified, is much the same. But he leaves out too much; his hierarchy, in which Mr. Eliot is a "very great poet" and the rest (comparatively speaking) nowhere shows the limitations of his criticism. Yeats, for example, doesn't come into this picture at all and one is left wondering whether the disqualification of that very great poet is simply that he is a non-Christian with views obviously retrograde and distasteful. Mr. Bethell's pre-occupation leads him at the other end of the scale to commend the lowbrow novel which upholds conventional Christian principles. "I am not sure that a really unhappy ending is ever justified: even *Lear* sees justice triumphant at last and the old man happily released." The book ends with a plea for the religious point of view in criticism and for the continuity of the Christian tradition.

Horizon. February, 1943. 1s. 6d.

The Editor suggests that good writers with a talent for description should be enabled to go abroad, for instance, to North Africa, so that we can have records of more than ephemeral interest. . . . "And why not a poet attached to each army?" The second of two extracts from Mr. Cecil Beaton's Libyan Diary provides powerful evidence in favour of this scheme, for he writes with a sharpness of focus, and a sense of the significant detail, such as none of the regular war correspondents possesses. Mr. John Strachey is the only other writer who has tackled war subjects with comparable success. Mr. C. E. M. Joad contravenes Archimedes's materialist view of the universe, but the reader's conclusions are more likely to depend upon intuition than upon ratiocination. Miss Eudora Welty has a vivid story of agricultural America, Mr. Henry Miller uses his talent for invective upon Hollywood. There is a good poem by Miss Kathleen Raine. Reproductions of admirable drawings by Mr. Henry Moore further embellish a stimulating number.

Week-end Competitions

No. 683

Set by Saint-Loup

The *Times* prints daily, under the heading "Old and True," a quotation from some old writer that is apposite to the present. The usual prizes are offered for quotations to appear under the heading "Old and Untrue."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, March 15th.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 680

Set by Audrey Hilton

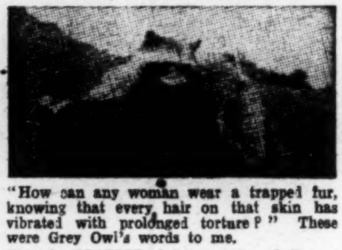
There is a parlour game in which chosen characters are likened to objects which seem to match their personalities. Thus Mrs. Roosevelt might become a calceolaria, Mr. Ernest Thesiger a Queen Anne secretaire, and Miss Mae West the Woking Mosque. Competitors are asked to produce a list comparing not more than six of the following to flowers, pieces of furniture, eatables, or well-known buildings: Mr. Churchill, Stalin, Sir Stafford Cripps, Lady Astor, Jennie Lee, Dr. Joad, Ernest Bevin, Anthony Eden, Jeannette Macdonald, Edith Evans, Margot Fonteyn, Yvonne Arnaud, Vic Oliver, Rebecca West, Ethel Mannin, Charles Morgan, Somerset

Health tip!
COOLTIPT
the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs all the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.
ABDULLA COOLTIPT 20 for 2/-
* For 'Virginia' Smokers

STOP nerve pains
We can tell you about Phensic — and you will be telling others when you have put Phensic to the test. The dose? Two tablets with a little water. The effect? Your pain fades away. The reason? Phensic disintegrates in no time (no upset to the digestion!) so that it is promptly absorbed into the bloodstream—where it soothes the nerves and helps to eliminate pain-causing poisons by way of the kidneys. More than a pain-killer . . . Phensic is a wonderful pick-me-up for anyone. At your chemists: 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.
Phensic
DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

STUDY AT HOME FOR A DEGREE!
No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three exams. Wherever you are, you can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by 50 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. PROSPECTUS (post free) from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH85,
WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

THE FUR CRUSADE



"How can any woman wear a trapped fur, knowing that every hair on that skin has vibrated with prolonged torture?" These were Grey Owl's words to me.
Write for LEAFLET of Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign which names furs you need not be ashamed to wear. Funds needed for more Advts.
MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester.

SAVE SHIPPING.
A little less bread goes a lot further when it's
HOVIS
BEST BAKERS BAKE IT Macclesfield

Maugham, H. G. Wells, Hannen Swaffer and George Bernard Shaw.

Report by Audrey Hilton

Material for quite a solemn piece of research is provided by the entries to this competition; to Mass-Observation, I feel sure, they would prove something or other about the forging of a public personality. Churchill, Eden, Fonteyn, Oliver—these and some others on the list produce almost invariably the same reaction, however it may be expressed. Shaw and Evans, West and Joad, chosen as frequently, seem to have reputations that are a matter of taste and not of certainty. A few competitors missed the point and made comparisons which had verbal relevance without being impressionistic—sage and onions for G. B. S. seems to me one of these. There were a great many good single shots in lists that were not so good. Charles Morgan appeared as a weeping willow, the Cenotaph, a Dolmetsch clavicord, sherry trifle, "A Medici reproduction of an interior with female figures by Campbell Taylor," and "a sprig of honesty in a white vase on a base of red plush and ebony, under a glass case." Dr. Joad became Euston Station, Selfridge's, Bouillabaisse (several people thought of this), a compactum, and liquorice all-sorts. Stalin was pretty generally the Sphinx, with a Hoover as a good second. Roast beef, plum pudding, Stilton cheese, all seem to me admirable for the Prime Minister; an Aga Cooker, the Tower of London and St. Paul's were pleasant variations. Mr. Somerset Maugham appeared frequently as a sharp-flavoured eatable—black olives, sauerkraut, and tartare sauce. Miss Edith Evans seemed to baffle everyone, a tribute perhaps to a flexible stage personality. Miss Rebecca West was another failure, and R. Graham's "gorse bush in flower" was the only quotable entry. Miss Ethel Mannin, however, was popular and figured as a modern bathroom, a crimson rambler, a bedside lamp and a magnolia, each applicable, from a different angle. Old Man's Beard or Traveller's Joy, or the Kew Pagoda were generally chosen for Mr. Shaw, but Grace A. Blyth's "a teazle" seems to me better. Mr. Anthony Eden appeared in almost every list as a buttonhole flower, but a well-ironed billiard table, an Adam ceiling and a mahogany tall-boy said the same thing with more originality. W. A. Thorpe's entry seems to me such a perfect piece of malice that I recommend him for a first prize of a guinea and a half, although his *objets* are perhaps not strictly furniture. F. C. C. and P. S. T. (name and address, please) are recommended for second prizes of 10s. 6d. each; I find P. S. T.'s Edith Evans incomprehensible, but the rest of his surrealism is excellent. Neat verses from Marbrus, N. K.'s menu, and good lists (from which there is space only for a selection) from Richard Pomfret, D. T., D. V. Carter and Ford Jenkins get consolation prizes of 5s. each.

FIRST PRIZE.

(1)
JOAD
Red-Figure Vase
Obv.: Philosopher (?), right, discussing to pupils, left
Rev.: A Satyr, bearded
From an Oxford Library
HELLENISTIC
Parts renewed

(2)
EDITH EVANS
Lady with Gallant
Porcelain painted in colours
CHELSEA; rococo
Perfect

(3)
SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Cocktail-Shaker
Glass and Chromium
COLONIAL; about 1925

(4)
LADY ASTOR
Saucer
Silver Lustre
With Temperance Motto in black
ANGLO-AMERICAN; 19th century
Cracked and Chipped

(5)
STALIN
Tartar warrior's sword
Hilt chased with fleeing figures
Traditional design
RUSSIAN; contemporary

(6)
SHAW
Grandfather Clock
From an old Dublin family
IRISH; date uncertain
Still strikes (W. A. THORPE)

SECOND PRIZE.

EDITH EVANS

Mahogany hat stand. Hanging on it is a ramshackle sunshade having been used for an umbrella—it has left a little pool of water.

DR. JOAD.

Thin toast with gentleman's relish, spread thickly; water cress and a glass of water.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

Wicker work garden chair. On it is an empty pewter plate holding two visiting cards.

VIC OLIVER.

Black glass lady's dressing table, slightly dusty.

CHARLES MORGAN.

Miniature chest of drawers, containing birds' eggs, meticulously labelled.

YVONNE ARNAUD.

Mixed candies in filigree dish, coconut kisses, tangerine slices, peppermint nips, sherbet satins.

(P. S. T.)

(1)
MR. CHURCHILL.

A beefsteak pudding made after an eighteenth-century recipe, containing cinnamon.

(2)
SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

A harmonium.

(3)
MR. ANTHONY EDEN.

A carnation button-hole, with asparagus foliage.

(4)
MARGOT FONTEYN.

A wood anemone.

(5)
CHARLES MORGAN.

Sham bookcase on door of highbrow library.

(6)
SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

Well-made curry, though containing tinned ingredients only. (F. C. C.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES

DR. JOAD: Liquorice All-Sorts.
EDITH EVANS: Brighton Pavilion.
SOMERSET MAUGHAM: Club sandwich.
G. B. SHAW: Revolving bookcase.
(D. T.)

DR. JOAD: Bubble and squeak.
MR. CHURCHILL: Steak and Kidney Pudding.
VIC OLIVER: Soft Roes on Toast.
(FORD JENKINS)

MR. ANTHONY EDEN: The Lily.
MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM: The Quince.
LADY ASTOR: The Prune.
(RICHARD POMFRET)

HANNEN SWAFFER: Prickly Pear.
C. E. M. JOAD: Pianola.
ETHEL MANNIN: Black Tulip.
(D. V. CARTER)

G.B.S.—Eternal Boy
Is Old Man's Beard, nay, *Traveller's Joy;*
While influences of style and station
Change Eden to a White *Carnation*,
And in some Cliveden Corner blows
Lady Astor's (T) *Tea Rose.* (MARBRUS)

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA & CHINA

MR. V. A. GRANTHAM'S STATEMENT.

THE eighty-ninth ordinary general meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China will be held in London on Wednesday, 17th March, 1943, at noon.

The following is a summary of the statement by Mr. V. A. Grantham (chairman) circulated to the Shareholders, with the report and accounts:—

It is with the greatest regret that I have to report the death of several members of our Foreign Staff, either in action, or in captivity, or as the result of hardships following upon enemy occupation of our Branches in the Far East. To their families we extend our heartfelt sympathy. I am sure that we have correctly interpreted the wishes of the Shareholders in making suitable provision for their dependants.

The Directors have decided to recommend to you that the £5 fully paid Shares be converted into Stock.

I informed you last year that, as regards those Agencies which were then in enemy-occupied territory, we were compelled to utilise the last figures despatched to us by mail prior to enemy occupation. We have had to continue this practice.

The statement that the profits are shown after providing for all bad and doubtful debts is, of necessity, again qualified by the fact that, in the case of Agencies in enemy hands, we have no up-to-date figures.

The total of the Balance Sheet at £85,975,194 shows a decrease of some £4,950,359, accounted for on the Liabilities side by reductions of £1,025,016 in Current and other accounts, £1,372,438 in Fixed Deposits, £949,180 in Acceptances on account of Customers, and £1,116,250 in Loans Payable. On the Assets side, Cash in Hand and at Bankers shows a decrease of £1,980,754, but our liquid position remains very strong. Government and other Securities have fallen by £1,156,485, Bills of Exchange, etc., by £1,506,480, and Bills Discounted and Loans by £4,536,797. A closer analysis reveals that there is no diminution in the aggregate figures of our Agencies in India and Ceylon, in spite of the fact that Bills of Exchange and Bills Discounted and Loans figures are smaller, due to changes in the methods of financing commodities made necessary by the War. The Balance of Head Office and Inter-Branch Remittances, Drafts, etc., in Transit, has increased by £5,138,822, due to greater delays in mails and to the continued use of Returns of enemy-occupied Agencies not up to date.

Turning to the Profit and Loss Account, no results have been obtained this year from enemy-occupied Agencies, whereas last year we were able to include the results of those Agencies, in some cases for the first six months and in others for the full year. Our Rangoon Agency, after having been evacuated to Mandalay, had ultimately to be closed, and our foreign business is now almost entirely concerned with India and Ceylon. I think, under the circumstances, the final results of the year's working, viz., a profit of £296,664 are very satisfactory.

We brought forward from last year a balance of £260,467, making a total available of £557,132, out of which an Interim Dividend at the rate of 5% per annum, costing £75,000, was paid last September. From the balance of £482,132, the Directors propose that a final Dividend for the half-year to 31st December last, at the rate of 5% per annum, costing £75,000, be paid, and that £50,000 be transferred to Officers' Pension Fund, leaving £357,132 to be carried forward.

In conclusion, I should like you to know that we are actively engaged in preparing the way for our re-establishment in the East, and it is with this in mind that we have again increased the amount carried forward in the Profit and Loss Account.

Accommodation Offered and Wanted

CULTURED Family invites paying guests in comfortable home. Putney. Bus and Underground. Continental Cuisine. Luxurious Dble Bdrms. Full brd.: 8 *gns.* for two. Box P92.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c. garden. Rooms, including breakfast and dinner, from 2 gns. Few minutes Marble Arch close tube and buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9 MAI. 1930.

PRETTY Chiltern village, daily reach London close bus, private sitting-rooms, from 10*s.* 6*d.* daily, full board. Kings Langley 7876.

DIVAN rm., use kit., 22*s.* 6*d.*, including gas, etc. PRImrose 0878, week-end.

TWO mins. Earl's Court Station, furn. bedroom to let, e.l., gas fire, ring, slot meter fixed basin, h. & c., use of bath, tel.; 25*s.* p.w. Breakfast if necessary by arrangement. Apply Box P68.

TEMPORARY civil servant evacuated dead-and-alive village finds it vital make occas. week-end visits London to preserve sanity. Can bachelor or Bohemian Ménage (nationality/race immaterial) offer inexp. hospty. Box P67.

COTTAGE wanted near London (small), low rental, easily accessible from railway suitable for baby to benefit from country. LAWSON, 19 Willow Road, N.W.3.

Where to Stay

CHARMING XVIIth century Hotel, overlooking Mounts Bay, modernised, fully licensed Club. A.A. and R.A.C. apptd. Produce from home farm; reasonable terms. Kenegie Hotel, Gulval. 'Phone: Penzance 272.

WINTER Quarters. Those mentally alive and willing to be helpful may spend the winter in peaceful and beautiful surroundings at special rates. LANGDALE ESTATE, Great Langdale, nr. Ambleside. Tel. Grasmere 82.

FOR Surrey commons and Highlands rambling. Brochure. Morris Lodge Hotel, near Farnham, Surrey (FREnsham 362).

PAYING guests received in farmhouse near Stratford-on-Avon. 3 gns. per week. Children welcomed. Box P60.

A Cornish War Medallist

MORE NEED THAN EVER FOR HIS *magnificent service*

in the first three and a half years of War the Life-boat Service rescued over 5,000 lives. More lives were rescued in three and a half years of War than in the last fourteen years of Peace.

Send a contribution, however small, as your share in this great work.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Sec.

PURELY PERSONAL

DIFFICULT INTERVIEWS smoothed over by the application of a King Six Cigar. At 10½*d.* each they induce an atmosphere of good fellowship and are appreciated as an excellent smoke.